

**THE 1974**

# NIGHTMARE

**SUMMER-SPECIAL**

T.M.



75¢  
47778

Why is this poor victim  
thrown in a lunatic cell  
with Dracula?  
Why does everyone scream  
**let her  
rot in hell!**







## WHY ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME?

These people are having a party at their HORROR-MOOD newstand, while awaiting the current issue of their favorite HORROR-MOOD magazine, SCREAM. As they well know, there's nothing quite so entertaining in this world as a good stein of ale, good companions, and the latest SCREAM. They know too, that NIGHTMARE and PSYCHO are equally entertaining, and in these days of inflation, the best bargain on the newstand, for only 75¢. These people are having so much fun waiting for SCREAM they're going to party while they wait for NIGHTMARE and PSYCHO too; which is not surprising, because everybody loves a party, especially that man with the strange stuff in his pipe! Talk to your HORROR-MOOD newstand dealer about setting up a party in your neighborhood store, and enjoy your latest SCREAM.





1974 SUMMER-SPECIAL

# NIGHTMARE

number 21 October

• edited by ALAN HEWETSON •

cover artist MIRALLES

contributors

CARDONA ED FEDORY

FRANK GIACOIA JEFF JONES

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BOB KANIGHER JACK KATZ

PABLO MARCOS SYD SHORES

STEVE STERN TOM SUTTON

DOUG WILDEY

## LET HER ROT IN HELL

Why is a poor girl thrown into a JAIL CELL with a fierce lunatic like DRACULA — the answer compounded in twist after twist in this all-original tale of TERROR and MAYHEM . . . page 4

## ARCHAIC NIGHTMARE MAILBOX

Corrupt correspondence and weird news previews highlight our noxious Nightmare Mailbox/letters/editorial pages . . . pages 14 and 15

## VALLEY OF BLOOD

What's so special about THE VALLEY OF BLOOD that makes this quaint knoll a valley of TERROR . . . page 16

## COSMOS STRAIN

MIKE KALUTA illustrated this tale — if you want to know anything else you don't know about SPACE . . . page 26

## COMES THE STALKING MONSTER

SYD SHORES and TOM SUTTON got together and call up a DEMON FROM HELL to whet your horror-mood appetite for DEMONOLOGY . . . page 32

## SLEEP

JEFF JONES illustrated this tale — if you want to know anything else in order to frantically try to go to sleep . . . page 37

## CORPSE BY COMPUTER

BOB KANIGHER and DOUG WILDEY collaborated to investigate the inner-workings of a mad computer capable of KILLING . . . page 42

## SAND CASTLE

PABLO MARCOS and ED FEDORY climbed on top of a nightmarish castle one night and recorded everything they saw — which makes SAND CASTLE a tale of EYE-WITNESS HORROR . . . page 53

NIGHTMARE IS PUBLISHED BY THE SKYWALD PUBLICATION CORPORATION, 18 EAST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017. PUBLISHED 8 TIMES A YEAR. PUBLISHERS: ALAN HEWETSON AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN. EDITOR: ALAN HEWETSON. PRICE 75¢ PER COPY. BACK NUMBERS OF NIGHTMARE MAGAZINE MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE PUBLISHER, OR FROM DEALERS ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE. THE PUBLISHER ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR UNDELIVERED MANUSCRIPTS OR ARTWORK, ALTHOUGH EVERY EFFORT WILL BE MADE TO RETURN MATERIAL WHEN ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. ANY RESEMBLANCE OF CHARACTERS HEREIN TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED OR REPRODUCED IN ANY FORM WITHOUT THE EXPRESS WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN CANADA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. DISTRIBUTED BY KABLE NEWS.

YOU ARE FOUND **GUILTY** BY THIS COURT OF LAW, SEÑOR... DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE I PRONOUNCE SENTENCE?



NO--I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY--I AM GUILTY--...I THROW MYSELF AT THE MERCY OF THE COURT!

YOU ARE FOUND **GUILTY** OF HAVING **ROBBED** THE JEWELS AND PRECIOUS STONES OF SEÑORA CASTILLE, WIFE OF THE MAYOR OF BADALONA-- AND SO I CHARGE THAT YOU SHALL SERVE IMPRISONMENT FOR ONE DAY--



--ONE DAY?--

BRING IN THE NEXT PRISONER!

--WITHIN THE CONFINES OF CARDONA PRISON!--



NO--NO--NOT CARDONA--NOT THAT PLEASE MY LORD, NOT CARDONA-- NOT FOR A DAY--GIVE ME LIFE IMPRISONMENT IN DESIRATA PRISON-- FLOG ME WITH THE CAT OF NINE TAILS IN THE DUNGEONS OF SALVADORE PRISON-- BUT NOT CARDONA -- I BEG OF YOU-- I PLEAD WITH YOU ON MY KNEES--PLEASE MY LORD -- NOT A DAY IN CARDONA

--OH LORD!--WHAT WILL BECOME OF ME, I BESEECH YOU...



OH MY LORD GOD--HAVE MERCY UPON ME--WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS AGONY--WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS FATE-- A FEW PIECES OF JEWELLERY-- IT IS NOT WORTH A DAY IN CARDONA PRISON-- IT IS BECAUSE I ROBBED THE WIFE OF THE MAYOR, IS IT NOT? IT IS BECAUSE WHO I ROBBED THAT I GET THIS FATE-- NOT WHAT I ROBBED-- WHO I ROBBED --OH LORD--LORD--REVERSE YOUR DECISION--I PLEAD --I IMPORE...



CARDONA 74



MARIA SANTOS-- YOU ARE CHARGED WITH HAVING **STOLEN MONEY** FROM YOUR EMPLOYER-- SEÑOR RAMON TORTORA, IS THIS TRUE?

YES YOUR HONOR--  
-- I TOOK A LITTLE MONEY  
-- I AM GUILTY--

--I WAS A SERVANT IN HIS HOUSE--  
I TOOK 10 PISSETA FROM THE HOUSEKEEPING FUNDS.

... MY GOD HAVE MERCY ON MY SOUL FOR MY SIN!

WELL--YOU ARE GUILTY THEN--YOU ADMIT YOUR GUILT-- THE COURT WILL BE LENIENT--  
-- FIVE WEEKS IMPRISONMENT IN DESIRATA PRISON-- HARD LABOR--

EH? WHAT IS IT?

IS IT IN THIS ENVELOPE? HOW MUCH?

Ja... ja... ja...  
I... not... p... is...!

What is...  
Piseta...  
R... ..  
How... ..

COUGH I AH--WELL--  
COUGH COUGH

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON  
ILLUSTRATED BY CARDONA

IT SEEMS--AH-- WELL THAT IS TO SAY--I-- AH  
COUGH COUGH--I CHANGE MY JUDGEMENT! YOU ARE SENTENCED TO ONE DAY CONFINEMENT IN CARDONA PRISON-- 24 HOURS...

... NEXT CASE...

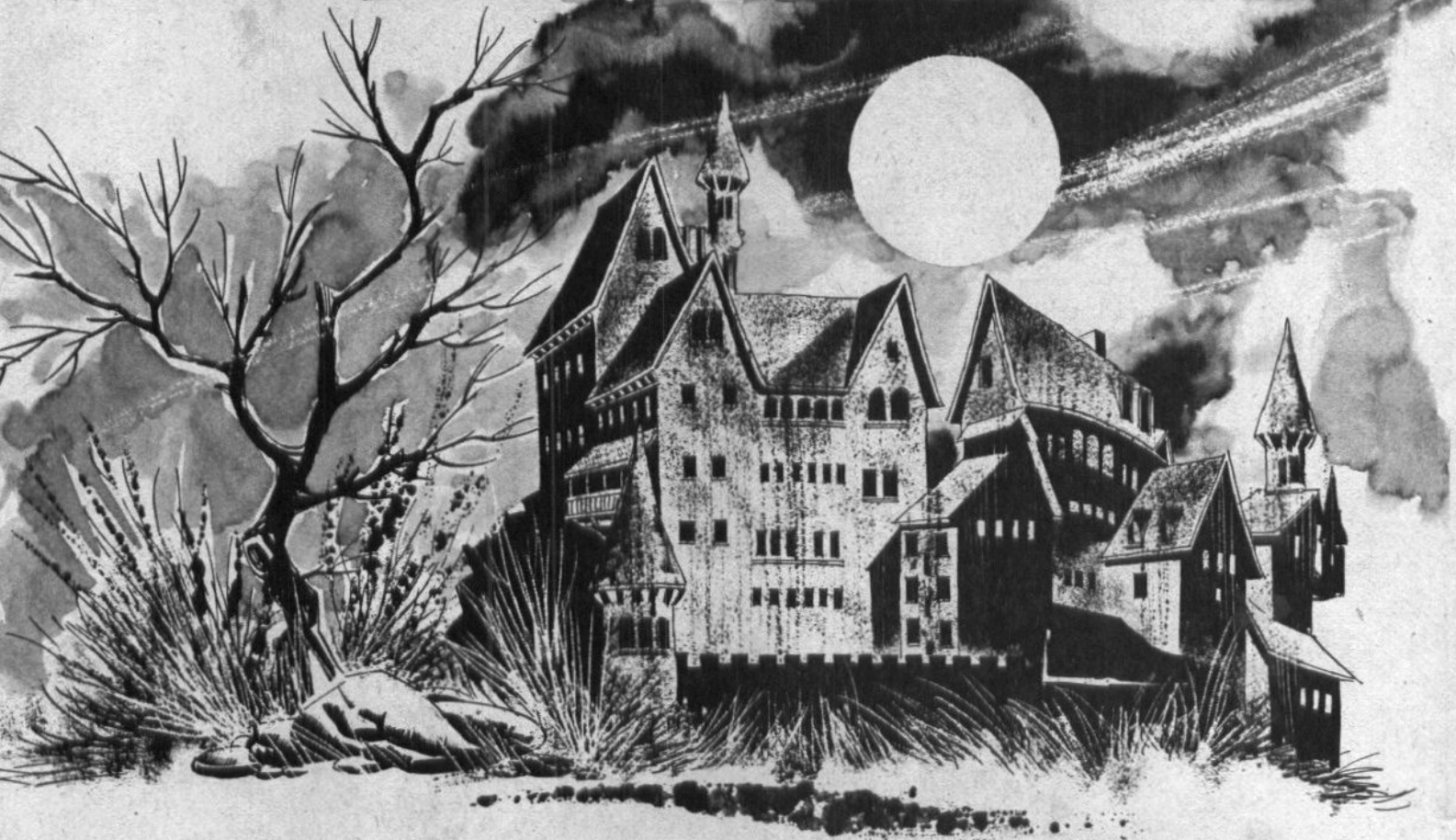
... A FEW WORDS IN THE JUDGES' EAR-- A FEW PISSETAS IN AN ENVELOPE--AND SEÑOR RAMON TORTORA IS AVENGED-- THE GIRL MARIA SANTOS IS CONDEMNED TO A FATE SHE CANNOT YET UNDERSTAND-- A FATE FAR BLOODY WORSE-- THAN MERE DEATH!

# LET HER ROT IN HELL



...THIS IS THE PLACE THEY CALL HELL-- CARDONA PRISON-- WITHIN, THOUSANDS OF PRISONERS SERVE LIFE-SENTENCES, REGARDING THIS HOLE ON A MOUNTAIN TOP WITH THE SAME DIS-REGARD AS ANY PLACE OF CONFINEMENT--

...BUT NOT A PRISONER WITHIN THIS VILE PRISON WOULD EXCHANGE HIS ENTIRE TERM OF IMPRISONMENT TO SERVE A MERE DAY IN THE WEST TURRET THAT IS ESPECIALLY RESERVED FOR SPECIAL PRISONERS...



...TRY AND GET SOME SLEEP --YOU'LL NEED IT!

I'LL NEED IT? WHY? AND TELL ME, WHY WAS THE PRISONER IN THE COURTROOM BEFORE ME SO FRIGHTENED AT BEING HERE ONLY A DAY?

YOU DON'T KNOW? THE LORD HAS PITY ON YOU THEN -- BEST YOU CONTINUE TO BE IGNORANT!

...TOMORROW MORNING -- YOU WILL BE TAKEN FROM THIS CELL TO ANOTHER CELL--



...ONE OCCUPIED TONIGHT BY THE OTHER PRISONER YOU SPEAK OF-- TOMORROW HIS SENTENCE WILL BE FINISHED-- HE'LL BE LET FREE-- AND YOU WILL TAKE HIS PLACE-- YOU WILL BE PLACED IN THE VAULT FOR A DAY AND A NIGHT!





WHAT IS SO SPECIAL ABOUT THAT CELL YOU CALL THE VAULT-- WHY DOES IT FRIGHTEN PEOPLE SO?

NO MAN OR WOMAN HAS EVER LEFT THAT CELL SANE-- THERE IS SOMETHING WITHIN THAT FOUR-WALLED ROOM-- THAT-- THAT DRIVES EVERY INMATE WHO HAS EVER SPENT A NIGHT WITHIN IT TO SUICIDE THE MOMENT HE'S RELEASED!

--NOW-- TAKE MY ADVISE-- REST NOW!



... IT IS TIME...



YOU ARE FREE TO LEAVE NOW!



NO, NO-- I DON'T WANT TO BE FREE-- PUT ME IN A CELL-- FOR GOD'S SAKE-- DON'T LET ME OUTSIDE!











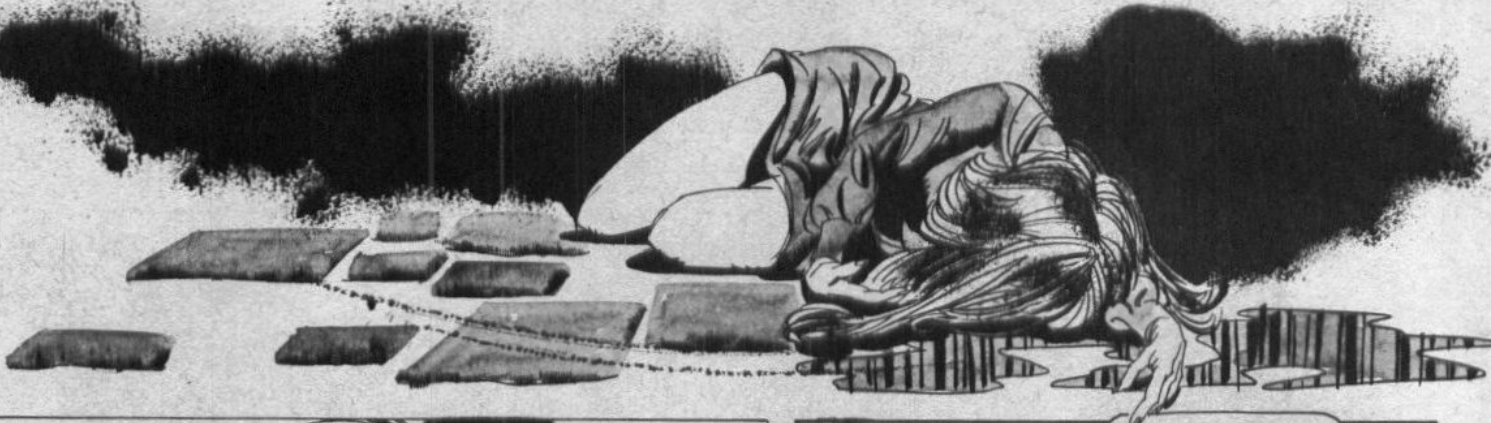












... ALRIGHT-- WAKE-  
UP GIRL-- IT'S  
TIME TO LEAVE!



...TIME TO LEAVE?...

TIME TO LEAVE--  
GET UP!

OH LORD NO-- YOU DON'T  
UNDERSTAND-- I CAN'T  
LEAVE-- I CAN'T LEAVE  
-- DON'T YOU KNOW?  
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?  
I CAN'T LEAVE!



YOU CAN'T MAKE ME LEAVE NOW--I CAN'T GO OUT--  
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? --I CAN NOT GO OUT INTO  
THE SUNLIGHT!-- IT'LL KILL ME  
-- THE SUNLIGHT KILLS  
VAMPIRES! DON'T YOU  
UNDERSTAND? LET ME GO  
BACK-- PUT ME IN A CELL!  
I CAN'T GO OUTSIDE  
-- I'LL ROT IN THE  
SUNLIGHT!



YOU CAN'T TORTURE ME LIKE THAT--YOU CAN'T  
MAKE ME DIE IN SUCH A HORRIBLE WAY--  
I'LL ROT, MY LORD GOD-- I'LL ROT IN THE  
DAYLIGHT-- THERE ARE BETTER WAYS  
TO DIE THAN SUCH A  
HORRIBLE DEATH AS  
DEGENERATING AND  
DECOMPOSING IN THE  
SUNLIGHT-- I  
BES YOU-- LET ME  
GO BACK INTO  
THE CELL--



I'LL KILL MYSELF  
QUICKLY RATHER  
THAN ROT AND  
DIE SUCH AN  
AGONIZING DEATH!



... LITTLE  
FOOL...



... MARIA SANTOS -- LIKE THE OTHERS, IS A FOOL--THE VICTIM  
OF SUPERSTITIOUS TIMES- SPAIN, DURING THE 17TH CENTURY,  
WAS A SUPERSTITIOUS PLACE-- OF COURSE-- THERE ARE NO  
SUCH THINGS AS VAMPIRES, THIS WE KNOW IN 1974--  
BUT IN 1694, THEY DIDN'T KNOW--AND HENCE VAMPIRISM WAS MORE THAN A MYTH--IT WAS  
REALITY-- THE AUTHORITIES KNEW THIS, AND IT WAS THEIR CURIOUS AND PERFECTLY LEGAL WAY OF  
GETTING 'UNDESIRABLES' TO COMMIT SUICIDE--  
--THEY WERE NEVER ONCE WRONG-- FOR WHO WANTS TO ROT  
WHEN A 200 FOOT FALL TO AN IMMEDIATE DEATH IS SO  
--SO PAINLESS!





... Welcome to the NIGHTMARE 1974 SUMMER-SPECIAL, a classic Horror-Mood issue if ever there's a SINGLE issue that deserves permanent residence in THE VAULT OF HORROR-MOOD MASTERWORKS ...

The WINNERS (a rousing cheer is in order for these talented people of the HORROR-MOOD MISSING VOICE BALLOONS CONTEST #5 are TOM GREGORY of Santa Barbara, California; ELGIN TOYNBEY of Montreal, Quebec; ANTHONY JACKSON of St. Louis, Missouri; MARY COOPER of Peoria, Illinois and WALTER EDMONDSON of the South Bronx. Congratulations y'all — advance copies of this very issue will be wingin' their way to you the moment they roll off the presses. Congratulations, and thanks too, to weird-runners-up JAMES RILEY of Kansas, MRS. SHARON MILU of Texas, TAMI GROGAR of Wisconsin, BARRY MACLEOD of South Carolina, DARREN STEELE of North Carolina, GEOFF KINNEY of Massachusetts, TRUDY AGUINE of Texas, KATHY KUYLEI of Michigan, RANDY VAUGHN of Ohio, EILEEN TRACY of New York, ANSELM G. DOUCETTE of Louisiana, (hey — maybe we'll make all 50 states an' all 10 provinces someday!! — Today — North America, tomorrow — the WORLD!) PAT TRIPP of Iowa, KATHY MOSES of Alabama, DAVID PEISH of Michigan, MICHON PLOUSKI of Michigan, NORMA HARRIS of Florida, JOANNE PAGANO of New York, RALPH WHITNEY of Ohio, MARY JAQUEZ of New Mexico, KENNETH PRZYSTAWSKI of Michigan, JEANNIE LOU CARVER of North Carolina, LOVETT HAKEY of Texas, RONALD PARITER of North Carolina, JOYCE SPITLER of Indiana, JOHN BREDEN BACK (of Gunpowder Road) in Maryland, DON SCOTT HOWARD of Illinois and HENRY RIENDEAU of Minnesota ... also, a particular no thank you to Dick H—, whose entry was lewd and did not win! Thank you to the several hundred others who entered, who we thank from the bottom of our bleeding hearts!

... NEWS n' PREVIEWS ...

... What are Sinister SUSO's plans, once he's completed the awesome saga of the THE VIC TIMS? (Yes, it will end SOMEDAY) — he's a man of many macabre talents, and so he'll be tackling many macabre stories, like SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER, a gruesome little tid-

## THE SLITHER-SLIME PAGES

dit we take great delight in presenting, then KILLER FU MANCHU, which is a 20 page blockbuster of oriental horror, pitting MANDARIN FU MANCHU against none-other-than COUNT DRACULA ...

... while DRACULA was in China he came across new HORROR-MOOD artist curious CHULL SANHO KIM, and sometime during a dismal night they created THE FIEND OF CHANGSHA, a fierce new HORROR-MOOD character who begins in the strange PSYCHO #21 issue, on sale 7/25/74 ...

... SUSO will then be illustrating the series that's warping everyone's mind, namely: THE DARKKOS MANSE SAGA — and wait'll you see the behemoths he's got dreamed up in the tales already scripted — THE CLOSED-UP ROOM IN DARKKOS MANSE and DARKKOS KILLERS — these horrors will be on their way to you soon — miss 'em not! ...

... The awesome NOSFERATU series is coming towards its fierce conclusion, and you'll be interested, we know, to learn what artist ZESAR will be doing when his series finishes — would you believe a 3 month rehabilitation in a certain well-known New York Asylum? — After his sojourn into brief tranquility he'll be back at work, and drawing the most gruesome, popular series in the whole HORROR-MOOD grab-bag of living tales of horror, namely: THE SHOGGOTH CHRONICLES — which you'll read about in great depth in our very special letters/editorial pages in the PSYCHO 1974 SUMMER-SPECIAL ...

... The late, lurid LUIS COLADO is presently illustrating WHO ARE THEY? THE BREEDERS, for the NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL - EDITION, plus such goodies as THAT IS NOT DEAD ... and ONCE YOU ENTER YOU DIE for an upcoming special TALES OF SELECTED EVIL issue, plus DUNGEON OF THE DAMNED, an awkward tale of horror by a certain awkward writer who is becoming very popular in the HORROR-MOOD ...

... And as if all that isn't enough, here's a look at the furious tales just completed by all MOOD-TEAM members, soon for publication — if any of these titles grabs you it's because they are ALIVE and awaiting to choke you! ...

... THE THING IN THE RAGGED MOUNTAINS, CREATURES IN THE NIGHT, FIEND, THE CURSE OF THE SNAKE GODDESS, THE BLOOD MUMMY OF SKULL FOREST, THE VAMPIRE FREAKS, THE CLAWS OF DEATH, THE INHUMAN BREED, CASTLE OF A THOUSAND

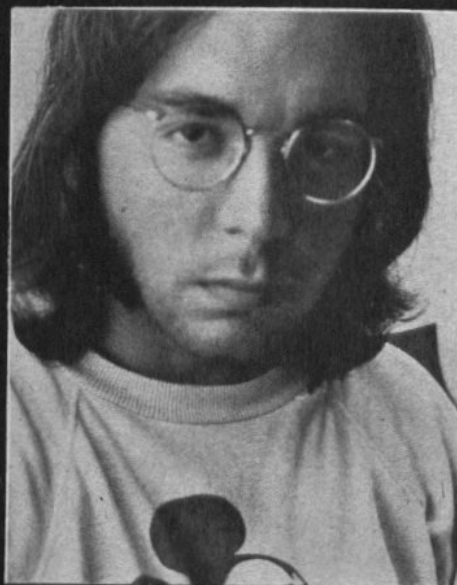
HORRORS, THE HORROR IN OLD LONDON, THE BLOOD AND THE FURY, THE BRIDE OF THE WEREWOLF, THE VAMPIRE CRYPTS, and A FULL MOON, A GLASS OF BLOOD, AND YOU — just a few good reasons to stay tuned in to the ever-entertaining HORROR-MOOD ...

... Stay tuned in to the HORROR-MOOD for the best in illustrated horror ...

R.I.P.

## ARCHAIC AL

### MACABRE MAELO CINTRON



(wearing a MICKEY MOUSE t-shirt)

Macabre MAELO CINTRON, who is becoming increasingly popular because of THE HUMAN GARGOYLES series, designed and executed the dramatic letters editorial pages art you see below! He also designed the SCREAM letters/editorial pages artwork which you've enjoyed ever since SCREAM #2, and has just created the exciting letters editorial pages art which this month debuts in PSYCHO #21. Artist Cintron is a fellow of intense imagination, wild enterprise, superb craftsmanship and extraordinary temperament, an' just as soon as they let him out the asylum he'll be able to put all that stuff to good use! Cintron was born in Poland in 1902, and immigrated to the United States as a lad of 7, when he ran away from home. He is now married and lives in Austria with his several children, none of whom like him! None of this is true of course, but I can't think of anything interesting to say about a guy who lives in an attic in the Bronx! A lot more of his work will be appearing soon, so miss it not!





# A BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS

The best story in this issue is.....  
because.....  
my favorite all-time HORROR-MOOD story is.....  
because.....  
I buy the HORROR-MOOD magazines because.....  
.....  
my favorite HORROR-MOOD writer is.....  
my favorite HORROR-MOOD artist is.....  
my favorite HORROR-MOOD cover artist is.....  
my favorite **type** of story (horror, adventure, suspense, science fiction sword and sorcery) is.....  
stories should be (a) 5 to 10 pages long (b) 10 to 15 pages (c) 15 pages or longer (d) variety of lengths.....  
I think the photofeatures are (good, bad, or comment):.....  
.....  
my favorite HORROR-MOOD story TITLE is.....  
my favorite HORROR-MOOD CHARACTERS are  
(the Human Gargoyles-Nosferatu-Frankenstein-Monster Monster-the Heap-Lady Satan):.....  
my favorite HORROR-MOOD series are  
(Darkkos Manse-Tales out of Hell-The Shoggoth Mythos-The Saga of the Victims):.....  
I think text stories are (good, bad, or comment)(stories like THE SKELETON IN THE DESERT, DEAD—BUT NOT YET BURIED, THE GHOUL OUT OF HELL):.....  
.....

## BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS

SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION

18 East 41st Street, Rm. 1501, New York City, N.Y. 10017

name..... age.....  
address.....  
city and all else.....

my favorite cover of the 3 covers pictured below is (check one)



☐ as an insert



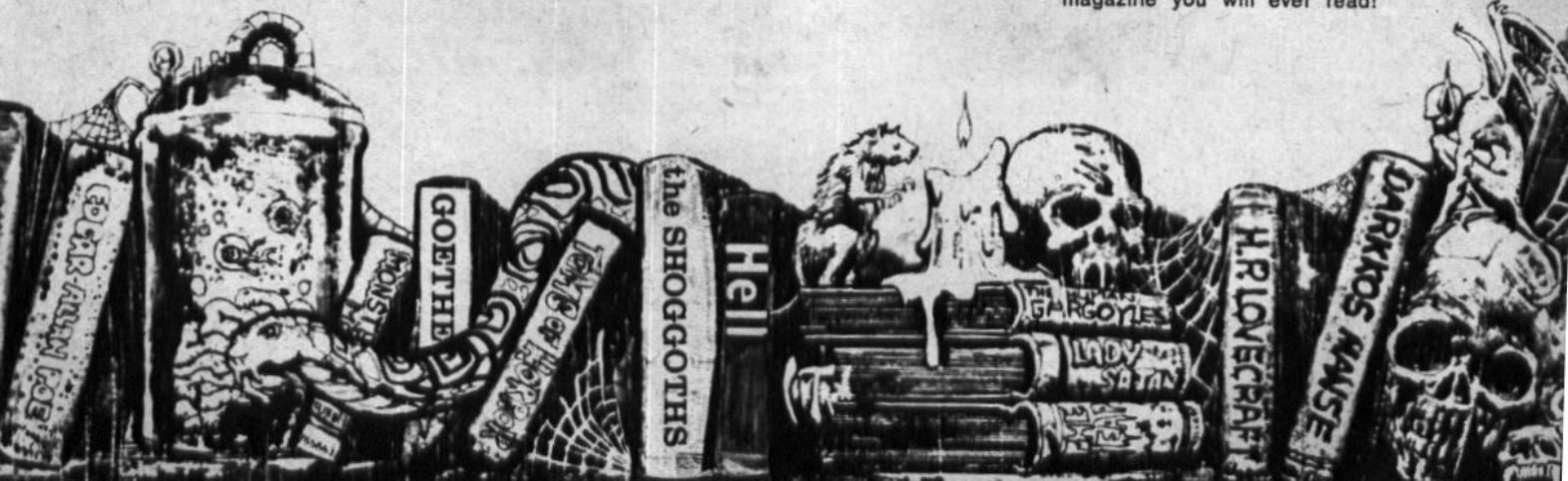
☐ full size cover art



☐ special design art

comment.....

send in this page, or a facsimile, so that we can better entertain you — to the first 25 (yes — 25!!) BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS we receive we will send an advance copy of NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL-EDITION, and to the best, most complete, 10 BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS we receive we will send AUTOGRAPHED advanced copies of that SPECIAL TOMB OF HORROR EDITION — send in your ideas to us today, and maybe WIN a free, autographed copy of the finest horror magazine you will ever read!

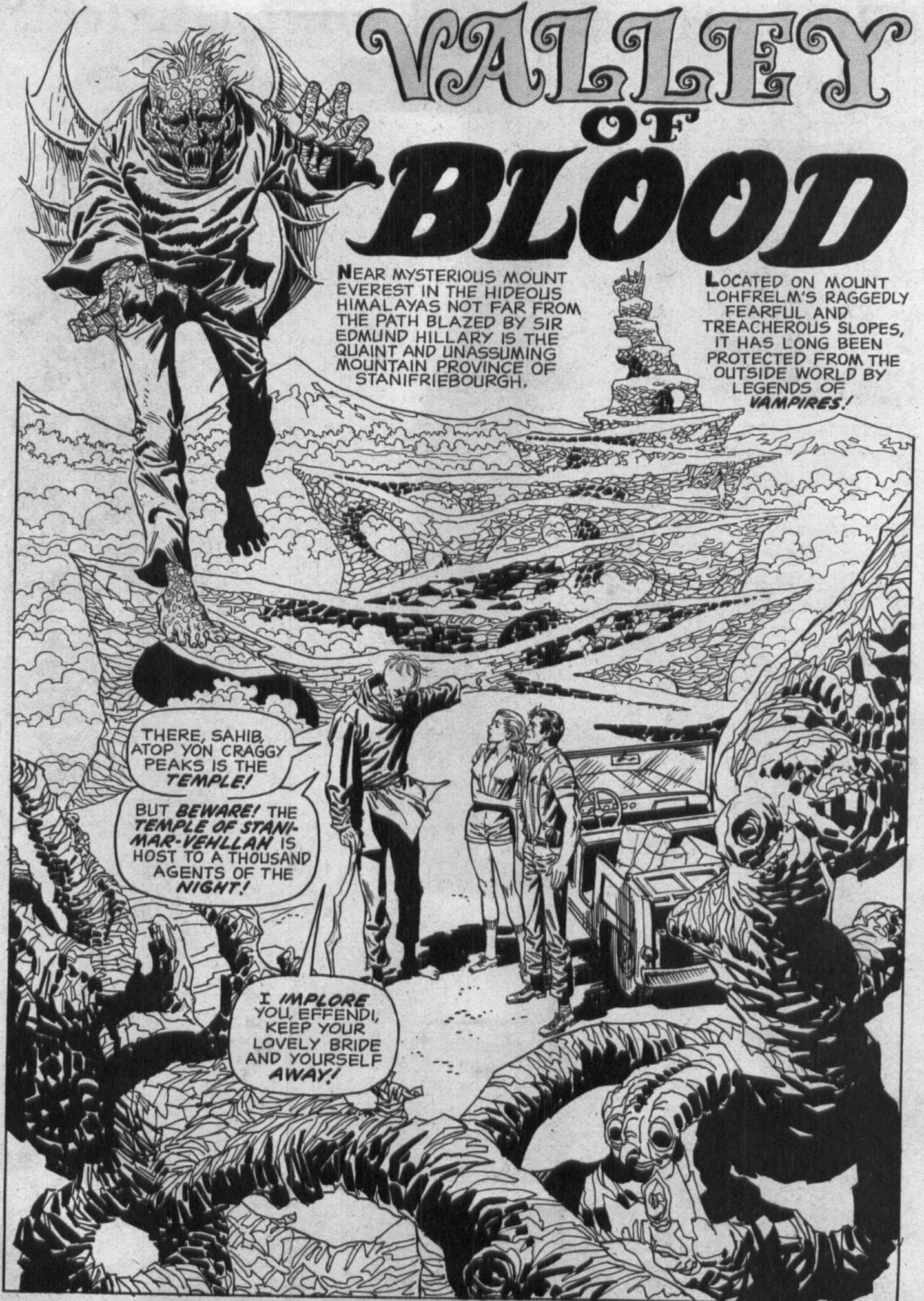




# VALLEY OF BLOOD

NEAR MYSTERIOUS MOUNT EVEREST IN THE HIDEOUS HIMALAYAS NOT FAR FROM THE PATH BLAZED BY SIR EDMUND HILLARY IS THE QUAIN AND UNASSUMING MOUNTAIN PROVINCE OF STANIFRIEBOURGH.

LOCATED ON MOUNT LOHFRELM'S RAGGEDLY FEARFUL AND TREACHEROUS SLOPES, IT HAS LONG BEEN PROTECTED FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD BY LEGENDS OF **VAMPIRES!**



THERE, SAHIB,  
ATOP YON CRAGGY  
PEAKS IS THE  
TEMPLE!

BUT BEWARE! THE  
TEMPLE OF STANI-  
MAR-VEHLLAH IS  
HOST TO A THOUSAND  
AGENTS OF THE  
NIGHT!

I IMPLORE  
YOU, EFFENDI,  
KEEP YOUR  
LOVELY BRIDE  
AND YOURSELF  
AWAY!



FROM THE **WEST** HAVE COME MANY EXPLORERS, SAHIB BARRY, WHO ALL HAVE **VANISHED**-- GONE TO THE (YOU'D CALL IT) **VAMPIRE CASTLE! LOST!**



SUPERSTITION SPROUTS--

"SUPERSTITION SPROUTS FROM THE SOIL OF IGNORANCE," DARGOSI IS FAMILIAR WITH THE SAYING OF THE **EXPLORERS, SAHIB!**



YES, EFFENDIS, DARGOSI HEARD THAT MAXIM SAID MANY TIMES-- BY EXPLORERS WHO **NEVER CAME BACK!**



AH, OH--  
**SUPERSTITION SPROUTS--**



MY LORD! A **SKELETON!**

VALERIE, WHAT A **FIND!**

THESE RUINS MUST BE **THOUSANDS** OF YEARS FALLEN!



WHAT, VAL--? OH-- IT'S JUST A **SKELETON...**

BUT **BART!**-- LOOK AT IT'S **TEETH!**  
THE **VAMPIRE** LEGENDS MUST BE **TRUE!**



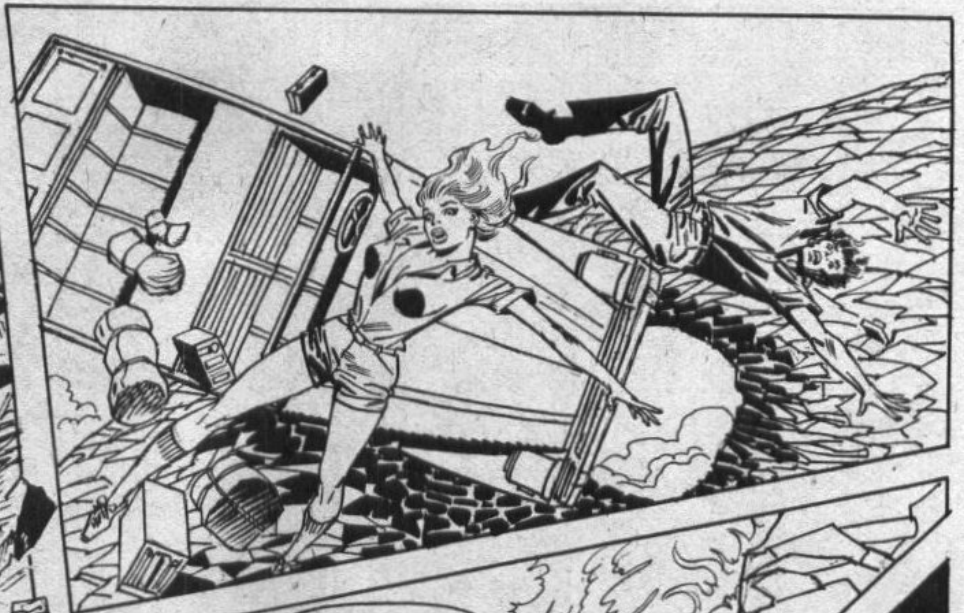
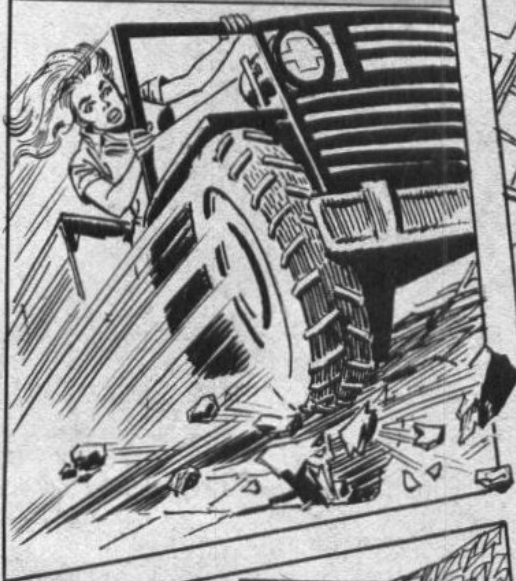
LET'S GET **OUT** OF HERE!



BART-- I'LL NEVER GET THAT **HIDEOUS** SKULL OUT OF MY MIND AS LONG AS I EVER SHALL **LIVE!**



AS THE JEEP BARRELS OVER SPIDERWEB ROADS, CAREENING TIPSILY, ITS WEIGHT SHIFTS AND VELOCITY SLACKENS AND A CURVE IS NOT NEGOTIATED.



TWO FLYSPECK FIGURES FALL ALMOST LAZILY INTO THE SWAMP...



VALERIE! OH, VALERIE!

YES, THIS IS A CLINIC! I AM DR. OURIJAY...

HELP! HELP HER, DOCTOR!!

I UNDERSTAND YOUR WIFE IS TYPE O-NEGATIVE, AND NEEDS A TRANSFUSION!

I HAVE TYPE O-NEGATIVE, MR. BART-- DR. OURIJAY...

SHE NEEDS A TRANSFUSION IMMEDIATELY, MR. BART!







THE TRANSFUSION IS ALMOST COMPLETE... WE WON'T KNOW TILL LATER...

MMRRRRPPHH!



THE TRAGEDY IS THAT MY WORDS HAVE FALLEN ON DEAF EARS!

TIME WILL TELL, SAHIB.

OK, DOC...



DOCTOR OURIJAY! COME QUICKLY!

VALERIE'S GONE! GONE!!



WHERE COULD SHE HAVE GONE, DOC...? HOW?!

THE EAST HAS MANY CLOUDY MYSTERIES, BART BARRY-- ONE ONLY CAN EXPLAIN STRENGTH AFTER GREAT BLOOD LOSS...

VAMPIRES!!

AGAINST INKY HIMALAYAN MIDNIGHT SKYLINE, TWO FIGURES, BLACKER THAN ALL EMPTINESS, LAY IN WAIT...



AWZZZZ

HSSSSSS

AND SUDDENLY POUNCE! THEY FLUTTER-SWOOP WITH DEADLY EVIL, GLIDING GRACEFUL PURPOSE! -- AN INVINCIBLE VAMPIRE AND HIS NEW BRIDE.





AND RELIEVE THEIR PLACABLE VICTIM OF  
HER PRECIOUS BODILY FLUIDS.



AN HOUR LATER, BART BARRY'S GHOSTLY YELLOW  
LANTERN ILLUMINES A HORRIFYING SPECTACLE.



SHE'S DEAD, DOC! AND HER  
BODY IS COLD-- **DEATHLY  
COLD!**

COLD,  
YOU, SAY?



**VAMPIRE  
MARKS  
EFFENDI!**

SOMEHOW I FIND THIS  
HARD TO BELIEVE. I  
COME FROM A  
CIVILIZED COUNTRY,  
AN EDUCATED LAND--

I ONCE COULD  
SING SONGS  
OF **MOCKERY**  
ABOUT SUCH  
THINGS!

BUT I  
CAN SING  
LAUGHINGLY  
**NO MORE!**



NOW THAT  
MY **WIFE**  
IS ONE!

IT  
COULD  
ONLY BE!  
IT MAKES  
SENSE!

THE LOGIC  
OF IT ALL IS  
**NIDEIOUS!**



BELOW THE VAMPIRE TEAM, A  
SHEPHERD TENDS HIS FLOCK.



DOWN FROM THE ESCARPMENT  
HURTLE THE HORRENDOUS HEMO-  
VORES!







WE SHARE  
ALIKE,  
VALERIE!

YES, MY  
NEW  
HUSBAND!



AND SO AN INNOCENT  
YOUNG GIRL IS  
EASY PREY FOR THE  
BLOODSEEKING  
HEMO-VORES...

AFTERWARD, THE  
INEVITABLE DISCOVERY...



AT RISK TO  
YOUR  
REPUTATION,  
SAHIB, THE  
AUTHORITIES  
MUST BE  
INFORMED!



NO!

I'M SURE YOU WOULD  
NOT LIKE THE PRESS  
TO LEARN OF THIS,  
SAHIB!



YOU'RE  
BLUFFING,  
DOC!



ANY ADVERSE  
PUBLICITY WOULD  
PROBABLY ONLY  
INCREASE INTEREST  
IN THE TOURIST  
TRADE, SAHIB BARRY!--



BUT WOULD NOT  
HELP YOUR  
INSURANCE  
COMPANY IN  
AMERICA!

I'M SURE YOU'RE  
FAMILIAR WITH THE  
CUSTOMARY  
INSTRUMENTS!



I'M SURE YOU  
KNOW WHAT TO  
DO WITH THEM?

I HAVE  
SEEN  
MOVIES--  
READ  
BOOKS...





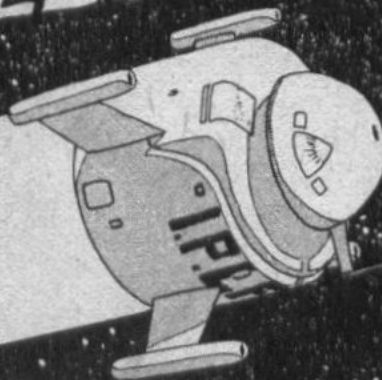


2028 A.D....OUT OF THE DARK COSMOS COMES THE **GREAT SPACE PLAGUE**--INFECTING ALL IN ITS BLOODY PATH WITH LETHAL **MEGACANCERS**! 2029 A.D....**FEW** SURVIVE; BUT **AMONG** THEM IS THE STRIFE-TORN **INTERGALACTIC PURE LIFE FORCE**. THEIR MISSION: TO PREVENT A TERRIBLE **SECOND CATAclysm**! **NOW**, ONLY **ONE** QUESTION REMAINS: CAN THEY SURMOUNT THEIR **OWN** PRESSING PROBLEMS IN TIME TO DESTROY THE MALIGNANCE OF...

# THE COSMOS STRAIN

IT BEGINS WITH A HARSH **WHINE** SCREAMING THROUGH THE INTERIOR OF THE STARSHIP-LABORATORY **PARNASSUS**...

**WHREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE**



UH-OH! IT **SOUNDS** LIKE **ULTRA-PRIORITY ALERT**!

IT IS, **FOOL**--SO DON'T JUST **STAND** THERE! ACTIVATE THE DAMNED **ANALYZER-SCREEN**!

A SUBMISSIVE **FINGER** FLICKS A CONTROL-SWITCH, AND THE GIANT **SCREEN** BURSTS TO **LIFE**...

INFECTED PLANET: MEDULLON  
STATUS: ALL LIFE TERMINATED  
INFECTING STRAIN: UNKNOWN  
CODE NAME: COSMOS STRAIN  
ANALYSIS: DATA BANKS INSUFFICIENT  
INFORMATION-ANALYSIS IMPOSSIBLE

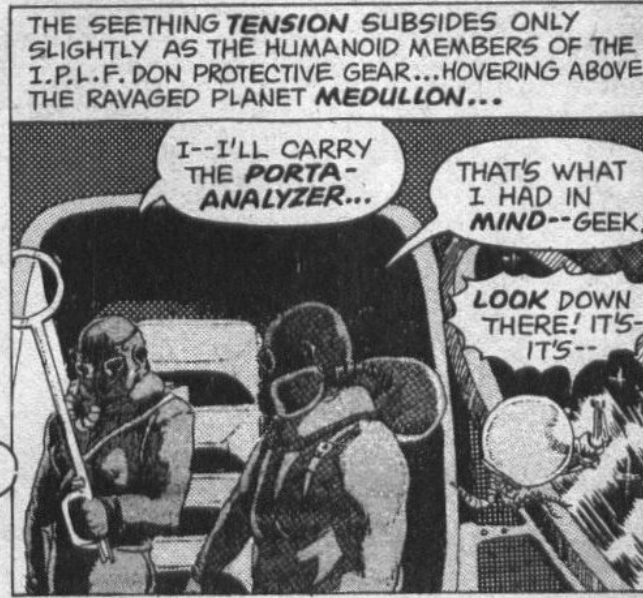
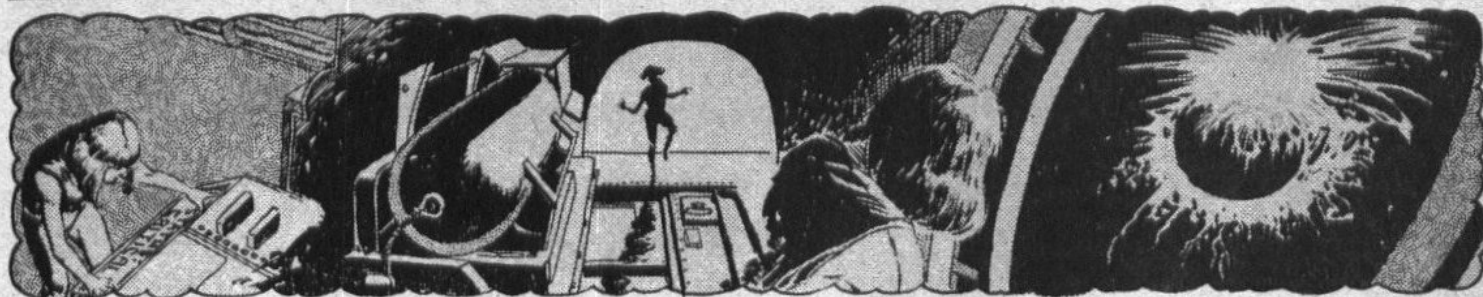
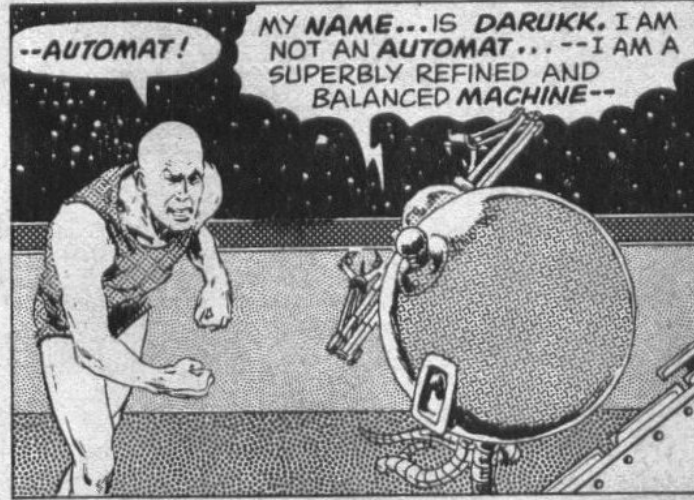
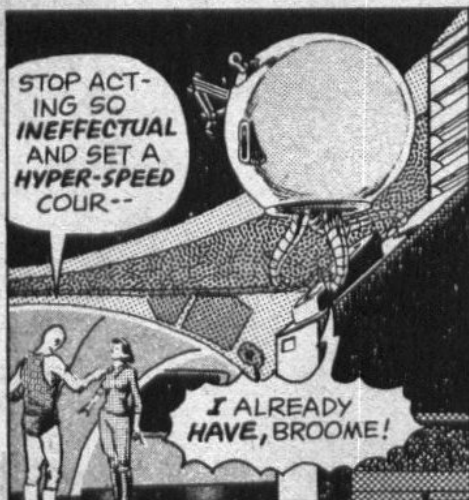
ANALYSIS **IMPOSSIBLE**. WE'RE DEALING WITH A BRAND NEW STRAIN--AND IT'S **ALREADY** DESTROYED A PLANET!

EVEN IN A MOMENT OF **URGENCY** BROOME ATTACKS POOR ZORK!

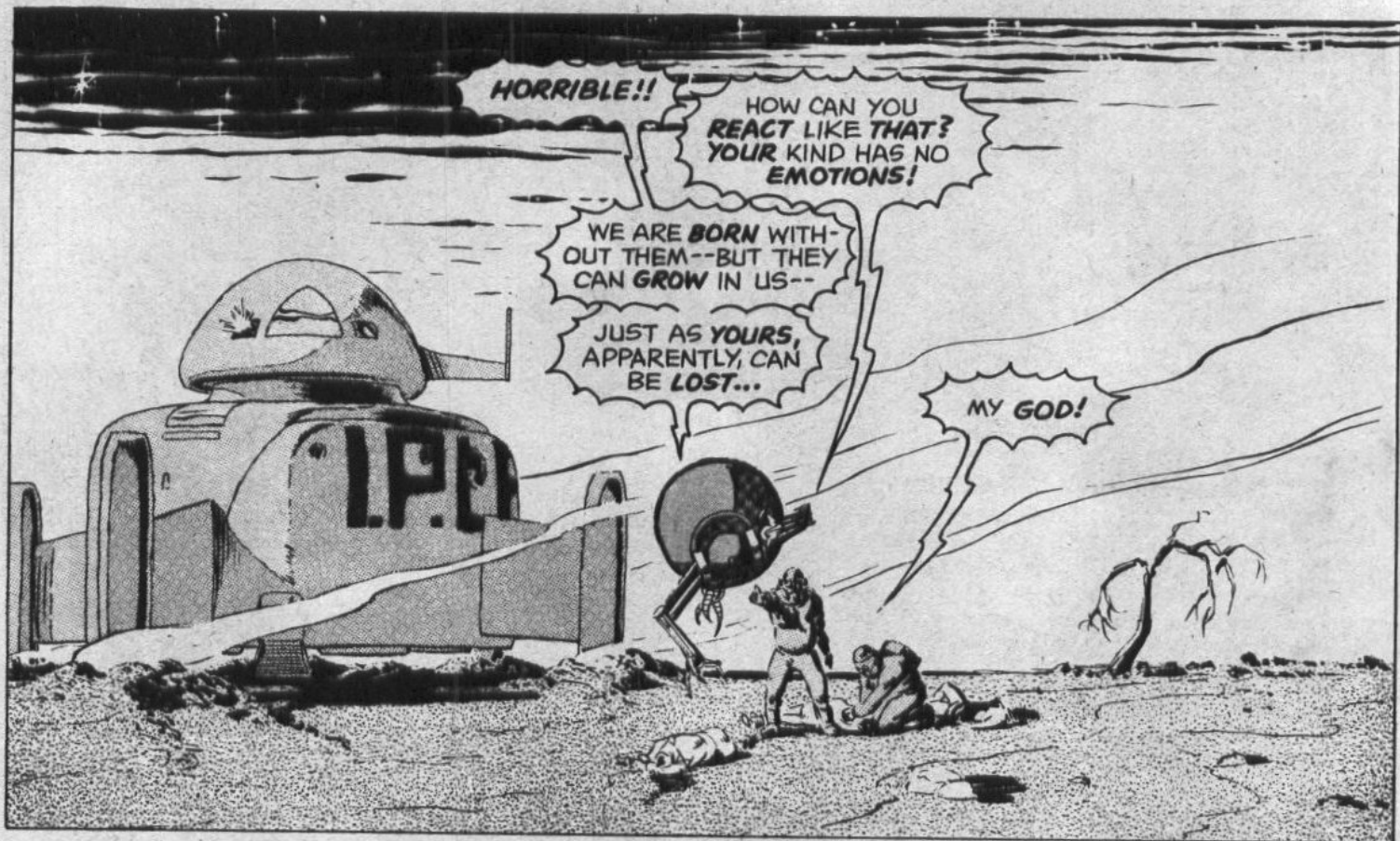
THERE'S NO **TIME** FOR YOUR **REPITITIONS** OF WHAT'S BEEN ON THE SCREEN FOR **30 SECONDS**!

Script: STEVE STERN  
Art: MICHAEL WM. KALUTA









HORRIBLE!!

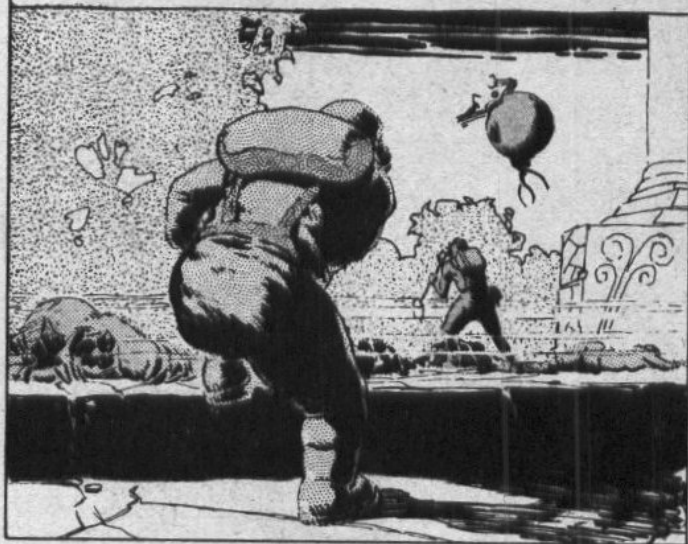
HOW CAN YOU  
REACT LIKE THAT?  
YOUR KIND HAS NO  
EMOTIONS!

WE ARE BORN WITH-  
OUT THEM--BUT THEY  
CAN GROW IN US--

JUST AS YOURS,  
APPARENTLY, CAN  
BE LOST...

MY GOD!

THEY FOLLOW A FETID TRAIL OF **DEATH**...



...TO THE **BIOLOGICAL RESEARCH OUTPOST**...

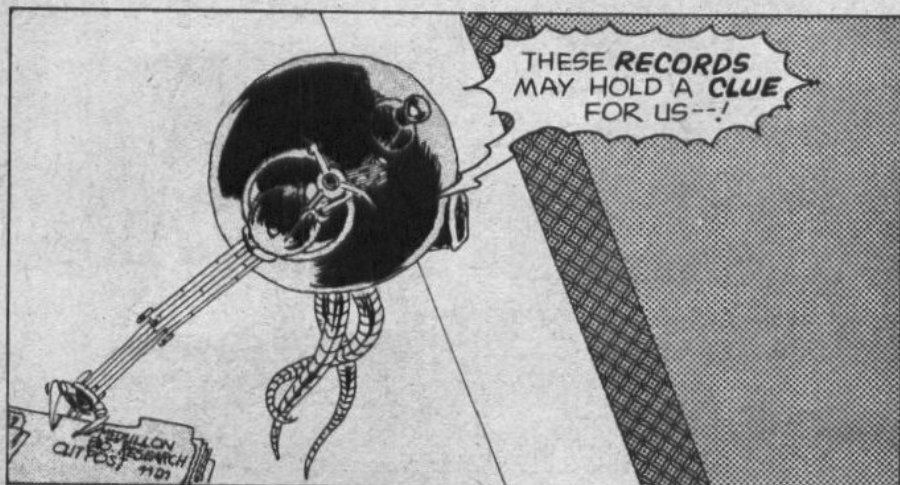


HMMM...IT HIT  
HARDEST RIGHT HERE...  
PROBABLY SPAWNED  
HERE!

...AND **WITHIN** ...



I'LL PROBE  
THIS ONE...



THESE **RECORDS**  
MAY HOLD A **CLUE**  
FOR US--!





IT SAYS HERE THE RESEARCHERS HAD JUST ISOLATED A VIRUS THAT INCREASED BRAIN ACTIVITY--

GIVE ME THOSE--!

WHILE BROOME IS BUSY TRYING TO STEAL THE SHOW-- I'LL ATONE FOR MYSELF BY ANALYSING THE COSMOS STRAIN!



THE COMPUTIBANK'S STILL OPERATING...I'LL FEED THE DATA COLLECTED BY THE PORTA-ANALYZER INTO IT--!

HEY! WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE...



WATCH OUT!

DOING--HUH-- OH NO! NOOO...

MEDULLON BIO-RESEARCH OUTPOST 1011


RIP



A SEEMINGLY INCONSEQUENTIAL TEAR IN THE SEMI-VISCOUS MATERIAL--AND THE KILLER GERMS FLOOD IN...UPON, POSSIBLY, THEIR MOST FITTING VICTIM...

GGAAAAAAA!





A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE DEVOURS THE  
DOOMED PITIFUL MAN'S MIND--AS THE  
COSMOS STRAIN WRAPS HIM IN THE  
DEATH GRIP OF HIS WORST FEARS!

THERE IS EVERYWHERE  
TO RUN--NOWHERE TO  
HIDE--FROM THE UN-  
REAL GROTESQUERIES  
WHICH PURSUE HIM...

TO THE DEEPEST  
RECESSES OF  
HIS MIND...



FINALLY, HE COMES TO MEET THE  
**SELF SAME FATE** AS DID ALL THOSE  
OF RAPED **MEDULLON!** THE INTENSE  
**PRESSURE BUILDS...BUILDS...BUILDS...**

DUCK!

**BAM!**

I CAN'T  
SAY I'LL  
MISS HIM...

BUT...BUT  
NOW IT'S UP  
TO YOU AND I  
TO **DESTROY**  
THE **COSMOS**  
STRAIN--!

**CLIKK**

THE  
COMPUTIBANK'S  
REGISTERING!

IT'S ALL TOO **SIMPLE**,  
ZORK--TOO **FRIGHTINGLY**  
**SIMPLE!**

COSMOS STRAIN: CONFIRMED  
COMPOSITION:  
BRAIN ACTIVATING VIRUS  
AND  
HALLUCINATORY MICROBE

AND TOO **DEADLY** TO  
ROAM THE **UNIVERSE!**

THERE IS  
ONLY **ONE**  
COURSE OF ACTION  
AND YOU MUST  
**TAKE IT!**

YOU'VE LABORED UNDER  
THE PAIN OF **UNJUSTIFIED**  
**GUILT**--TOO LONG.  
BUT NOW YOU CAN  
**PROVE YOURSELF...FINALLY**  
**...IRREVOCABLY...**

THE  
**STERILIBOMB...**  
ABOARD THE  
**PARNASSUS...**

YES...YOU ARE  
**RIGHT...OLD**  
**FRIEND...**

**...GOODBYE...**

CLICK

THE END



MANY ARE THOSE WHO ASSUME THAT THE MYSTERIOUS REALM OF THE OCCULT AND THE LOGICALLY-ORDERED WORLD OF SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS ARE NECESSARILY SEPARATE AND DISTINCT. BUT WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE GAP BETWEEN THE TWO IS BRIDGED, WHEN SCIENCE SUCCESSFULLY PROBES THE REGIONS OF CHAOS? THE RESULT IS BOTH UNIQUE AND UNEXPECTED WHEN...

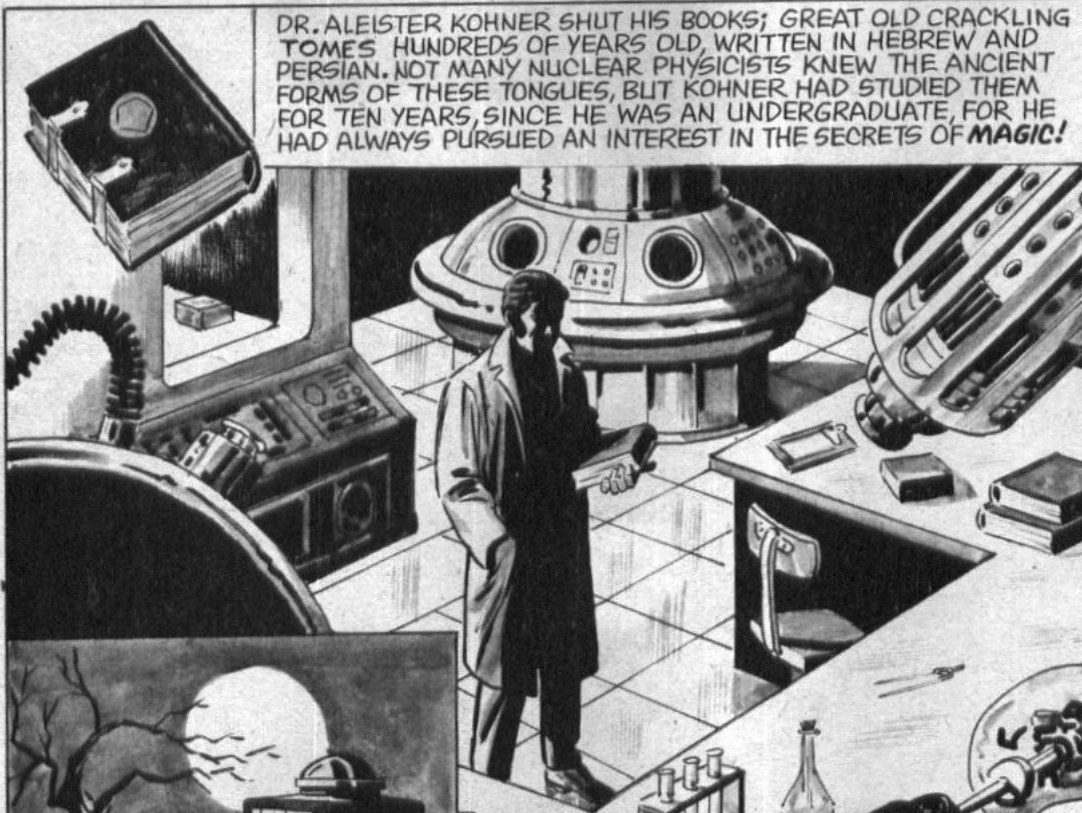


SYD SHORES



DR. ALEISTER KOHNER SHUT HIS BOOKS; GREAT OLD CRACKLING TOMES HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD, WRITTEN IN HEBREW AND PERSIAN. NOT MANY NUCLEAR PHYSICISTS KNEW THE ANCIENT FORMS OF THESE TONGUES, BUT KOHNER HAD STUDIED THEM FOR TEN YEARS, SINCE HE WAS AN UNDERGRADUATE, FOR HE HAD ALWAYS PURSUED AN INTEREST IN THE SECRETS OF **MAGIC!**

BEFORE HE HAD EVEN TAKEN HIS DEGREE, HE HAD LEARNED TO SUMMON FORTH ELEMENTALS, SPIRITS OF EARTH, AIR, FIRE AND WATER, SIMPLE CREATURES OF LIMITED POTENTIAL, BUT SUFFICIENT TO BRING HIM ENOUGH INCOME THAT HE COULD PURSUE HIS STUDIES FULL TIME!



HE'S THE MASTER OF ALL KNOWLEDGE, ERICA! HE CAN TEACH ME **EVERYTHING!** MAYBE EVEN TEACH YOU SOMETHING FOR A CHANGE!



**TEN YEARS!** TEN YEARS' STUDY IT HAD TAKEN, BUT ON THIS NIGHT THE STARS AND FORCES WERE RIGHT! ON THIS NIGHT HE WOULD DRAW UPON HIS MAGICAL AND SCIENTIFIC LORE, FORCE BACK THE LAWS OF ORDER AND CHAOS, AND SUMMON THE DEMON **ASMODEUS!**

AL! WILL YOU CUT THAT OUT!

ERICA BEGAN SETTING THE PLATFORM-ALTAR FOR THE DEMON'S ARRIVAL, PLACING THE CONSECRATED GEMS UPON THE FIVE CARDINAL POINTS OF THE PENTAGRAM. KOHNER WATCHED, EXPECTING HER TO MAKE MISTAKES. AFTER ALL, SHE DIDN'T HAVE A DEGREE, WHAT COULD SHE KNOW?

CERTAINLY NOT THAT THE DEMON NEEDED NO **PENTAGRAM-LINES** WITHIN WHICH TO MATERIALIZE. **FIVE POINTS** WERE BETTER, FOR THE LINES SHATTERED AND DEFLECTED THE FLOW OF FORCES THAT WOULD DRAW HIM ACROSS THE DIMENSIONS. WITH FIVE POINTS THE ENERGIES WERE FREER, EASIER TO CONTROL.

IF YOU WERE A LITTLE MORE INTELLIGENT, I MIGHT...  
**AL!** NEVER MIND, ERICA. I TELL YOU TOO MUCH AS IT IS... PREPARE THE STAGE!



VERY GOOD, ERICA, NO MISTAKES. SHALL WE COMMENCE?



INCANTATIONS WERE UNNECESSARY; A SONIC FILTER OF "WHITE NOISE" TO KEEP OUTSIDE SOUNDS FROM INTERFERING WITH THE PATTERN WAS ENOUGH. KOHNER LIT THE ARC-LAMP CANDLES...

NOW WE NEED ONLY WAIT...



MIDNIGHT DREW CLOSER...



YOU HAVE CALLED ME FORTH FROM THE **NEGATIVE ZONE**, O DOKTOR!

WHAT IS IT YOU WISH OF ME THAT I MIGHT RETURN?

I WISH FOR ME THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE ANCIENTS AND.... KNOWLEDGE OF THE FUTURE. I WANT **GREAT RICHES AND POWER!**

THAT'S WHAT THEY **ALL** WANT. WHAT OF **HER**?

YOU MIGHT BESTOW SOME ADDITIONAL WISDOM UPON **HER!**

SHE IS WISE ENOUGH.

VERY WELL. I SHALL TEACH YOU.

BUT YOU MUST CALL ME FORTH MANY TIMES, FOR THERE IS MUCH TO LEARN. I SHALL GO TO GATHER MYSELF.

DISPLACE A POINT OF THE FIVE AND I WILL BE GONE...REPLACE IT AND I WILL RETURN!





IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, KOHNER LEARNED MUCH FROM ASMODEUS. HE CREATED 10 GRAMS OF THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE AND A CRYSTAL PHIAL OF THE UNIVERSAL SOLVENT, ALKAHEIST. HE LEARNED THE PSYCHIC SCIENCES AND PRECOGNITION, LIGHTNING AND FIRE SPRANG FROM HIS VERY FINGERTIPS... HIS ARROGANCE BLOSSOMED.



THEN...



KOHNER HAD AGED! HE'D BECOME WEAKER...  
I CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT...  
DAILY I GROW MORE WEARY...  
NOW MY HAIR IS BLEACHING  
AND FALLING OUT!!



PERHAPS  
THE DEMON  
CAN...

OF COURSE HE CAN!  
REPLACE THE STONE!





WHAT DO YOU DESIRE, O "DOKTOR"?  
WOULD YOU LEARN THE ARTS  
MEDICAL NOW?

PER... PERHAPS, ASMODEUS!  
I AM BESET! EVERY DAY I  
GROW WEAKER... WHAT IS  
HAPPENING... WHAT IS  
SAPPING ME OF MY  
YOUTH... MY LIFE?

ASK ERICA! *SHE* IS NO FOOL!  
THE ANSWER REPOSES  
ON HER BOSOM!

**SEE...**  
DOCTOR KOHNER,  
YOU ARE DYING  
BECAUSE YOU ARE  
A FOOL!

DYING?  
WHY?

ERICA HAS WORN  
THE PENTAGRAM;  
SHE IS EVER  
PROTECTED. FOR YOU  
SEE, FOOLISH DOCTOR,  
AS I RUPTURE THE  
LINES BETWEEN  
ORDER AND CHAOS,  
GREAT FORCES ARE  
DISTURBED.



A PENTAGRAM?

YES, DOCTOR, YOU ARE  
AN ATOMIC SCIENTIST--  
YOU SHOULD RECOGNIZE  
YOUR SYMPTOMS AS  
THOSE OF RADIATION  
EXPOSURE!

IN YOUR WORLD THE  
PENTAGRAM-LINES DEFLECT  
THEM, BUT IF NOT, THE  
FORCES ARE MANIFEST AS  
GAMMA RAYS, COSMIC  
RAYS, X-RAYS! DEADLY RAYS!  
COMES THE STALKING  
MONSTER, DOCTOR! YOU  
CALL IT RADIOACTIVITY!!

WERE I TO TEACH YOU ARTS MEDICAL, YOU  
WOULD DIE HERE YOU COULD BE TREATED! NOW  
YOUR SOUL IS THE SLAVE OF HELL!

WHAT...WHAT OF ERICA?

OF ERICA? *SHE* HAS WISDOM ENOUGH TO MASTER MY  
FORCES, DOCTOR. YOUR "SLAVE" IS MY MISTRESS; I OBEY  
HER COMMANDS ONLY NOW! O MISTRESS ERICA, YOUR  
FIRST COMMAND TO YOUR SLAVE?

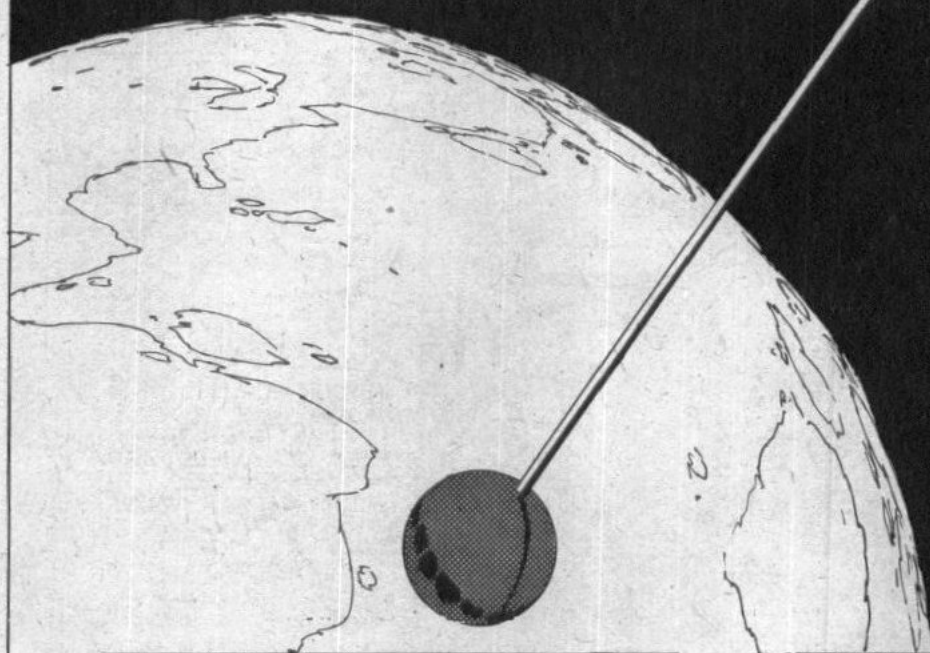
DISPOSE OF THE BODY, ASMODEUS.

END

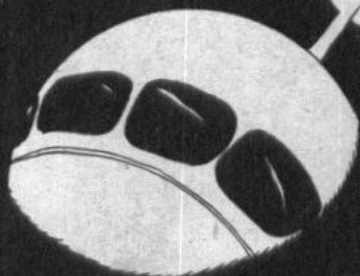


THIS IS 1981. HIGH ABOVE PLANET EARTH WHIRLS THE UNIQUE ORBITING LABORATORY OF THE MAN KNOWN AS **DOCTOR ZIM**. WITHIN, A MOST DARING **EXPERIMENT**. ITS OBJECT: TO LEARN **WHAT LIES BEHIND DEATH!** IT BEGINS, NOW, WITH THE SOLITARY **COMMAND...**

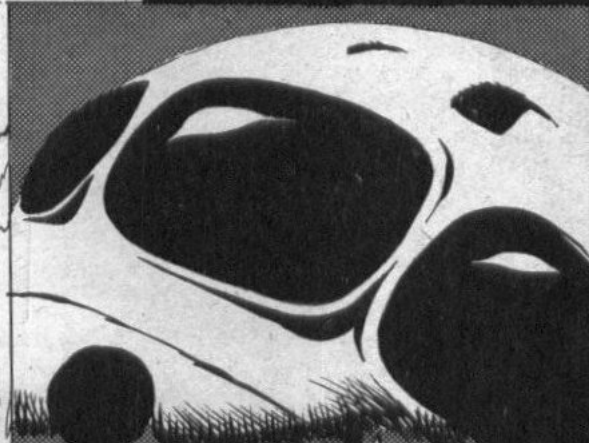
# SLEEP



THE DEEP, HYPNOTIC VOICE OF DR. ZIM CONTINUES...



DO NOT BE NERVOUS. RELAX. PAY CLOSE ATTENTION TO ALL I SAY...



YOU WILL BE ABLE TO HEAR ME AND TO TALK TO ME AFTER YOU GO TO **SLEEP...**

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JEFF JONES





TAKE A FEW  
DEEP **BREATHS**.  
RELAX YOUR  
ARMS AND  
LEGS...



LOOK AT  
THE SHINY  
METAL  
**DISC** I AM  
HOLDING...  
WATCH IT  
**SWING...**  
**SWING!**  
**SWING!** DO  
NOT TAKE  
YOUR EYES  
**OFF** IT...



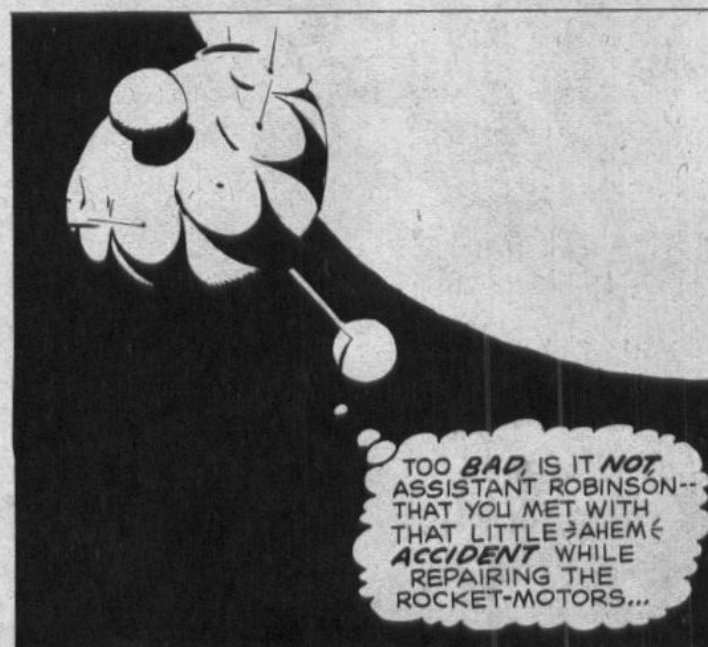
**FEEL** YOUR  
EYES GETTING  
VERY HEAVY  
AND TIRED. YOU  
ARE BECOMING  
VERY **SLEEPY**.  
SOON YOU  
WILL BE  
**ASLEEP...**

VERY...  
TIRED...



YOU ARE NOW  
SOUND **ASLEEP!**

**PERFECT!**  
HE IS UNDER  
MY HYPNOTIC  
**SPELL!**



TOO **BAD**, IS IT **NOT**  
ASSISTANT ROBINSON--  
THAT YOU MET WITH  
THAT LITTLE **HAHEM** **ACCIDENT** WHILE  
REPAIRING THE  
ROCKET-MOTORS...



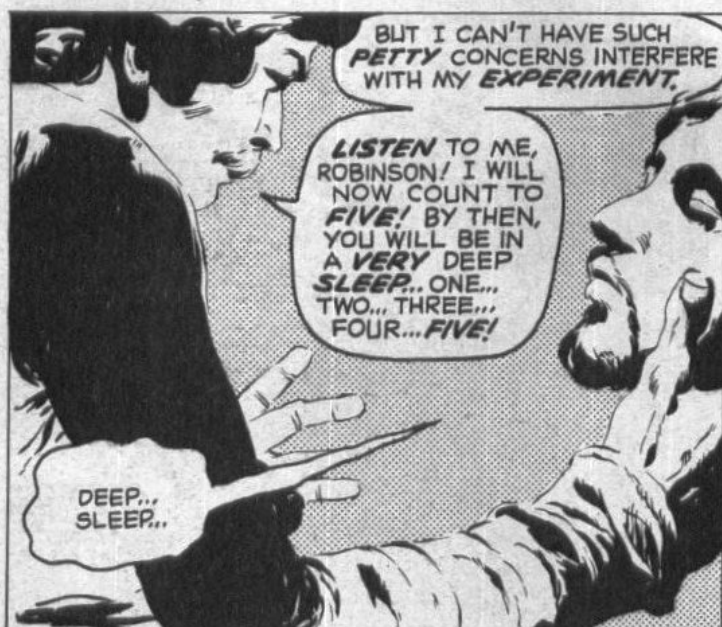
... BUT WHAT  
GREAT GOOD  
**LUCK** IT WAS  
FOR **ME!** FOR  
NOW I HAVE A  
**SUBJECT** WITH  
BUT **MOMENTS**  
OF **LIFE**  
REMAINING--

AND **I** AM ABOUT TO  
BECOME THE FIRST **LIVING**  
MAN TO LEARN **WHAT**  
**LIES BEHIND DEATH!!**



SUDDENLY-- ALMOST FITTINGLY--  
THE DEMONIC SCIENTIST'S THOUGHTS  
ARE INTERRUPTED BY A POWERFUL  
JAR TO THE SPACELAB.

THOSE DAMN  
OBSOLETE  
SATELLITES--!  
THE SPACE AGENCY  
HAS GOT TO  
CLEAN THESE  
POLLUTED SKIES!



BUT I CAN'T HAVE SUCH  
PETTY CONCERNS INTERFERE  
WITH MY EXPERIMENT.

LISTEN TO ME,  
ROBINSON! I WILL  
NOW COUNT TO  
FIVE! BY THEN,  
YOU WILL BE IN  
A VERY DEEP  
SLEEP.. ONE...  
TWO... THREE...  
FOUR... FIVE!

DEEP...  
SLEEP..



IT IS NOW **FOUR O'CLOCK**.  
I HAVE PLACED A LARGE  
**TIMEPIECE** BEFORE YOU.  
WITH EACH **TICK**, ANOTHER  
**MINUTE** WILL PASS. THUS,  
WHEN **SIXTY** TICKS HAVE  
SOUNDED, YOU WILL BE  
**ONE HOUR INTO THE  
FUTURE.**

TICK .. TICK ... TICK...



AND, PRECISELY SIXTY  
SECONDS LATER...

WHAT **TIME**  
IS IT?

F-FIVE...  
FIVE  
O'CLOCK.



**EXCELLENT!  
EXCELLENT!**  
IN HIS **CONDITION**,  
HE'D UNDOUBTEDLY  
BE **DEAD** BY FIVE  
O'CLOCK! -- I'M  
TALKING TO A  
**DEAD MAN!!**  
NOW ONLY ONE  
QUESTION  
REMAINS:  
**WHERE IS HE?**  
IN **HEAVEN?**  
**HELL??** A  
**LIMBO-LAND??**



SO IT WAS THAT **DR. ZIM'S** VOICE WAS FRAUGHT WITH ANTICIPATION AS HE ASKED:



IN ONE HORRIBLE SECOND,  
DR. ZIM UNDERSTOOD HIS  
FATE...



THE COLLISION!  
IT THREW US OUT  
OF OUR ORBIT!  
WE'VE BEEN  
DRIFTING INTO  
THE SUN!

IT'S-- HOT. VERY  
HOT. I-- I'M  
SUFFOCATING IN  
THIS HEAT. IT'S  
LIKE, IT'S LIKE...

THE  
END



AS THE MASSIVE ENTRANCE GATES TO THE ESTATE OF MILLIONAIRE-INVENTOR, PHILLIP TALBOT AUTOMATICALLY OPEN AND CLOSE BEHIND HIS CAR-- HIS LOVELY COMPANION SMILES EXPECTANTLY...

ALMOST THOUGHT I'D LOST MY TOUCH, PHILLIP-- BEFORE I PERSUADED YOU TO SHOW ME YOUR PRIVATE LAB! I'M HONORED TO BE THE FIRST GIRL A GENIUS LIKE YOU HAS INVITED HERE! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THE PLACE!

CLANG!

SUDDENLY, THE QUICKENING KISS OF THE COUPLE IS GRUESOMELY SHATTERED BY THE LIGHTNING THRUST OF THE HUGE STATUE OF THE KNIGHT GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO THE ESTATE LIKE A RUTHLESS WATCHMAN!

AAAAH!

EVERYTHING INSIDE AND OUTSIDE THE HOUSE IS AUTOMATICALLY OPERATED BY MY COMPUTER "DEBBIE." FROM HANDING ME MY MORNING CUP OF COFFEE-- TO PIN-POINTING THE EXACT LOCATION OF HALLEY'S COMET IN SPACE TEN YEARS FROM NOW! BUT "DEBBIE," DOESN'T CONTROL ME!

GOOD GOD--WHAT'S HAPPENING? THE KNIGHT'S MALFUNCTIONING! IT'S COMPUTED ONLY TO MENACE INTRUDERS??!

# CORPSE by COMPUTER!

LIKE A WRIGGLING FISH PIERCED BY A GIGANTIC GAFF-- BLOODILY LIFTED INTO THE AIR BY A FEARFUL FISHERMAN--

"DEBBIE'S" A PERFECT COMPUTER! SHE NEVER MADE A MISTAKE! THE MEMORY-BANKS MUST BE SHORTING! OTHERWISE THIS HORRIBLE ACCIDENT COULD NEVER HAPPEN!

IRIS' LIFE BLOOD-- DRIPPING ON ME!

I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE MASTER CONTROL CONSOLE!

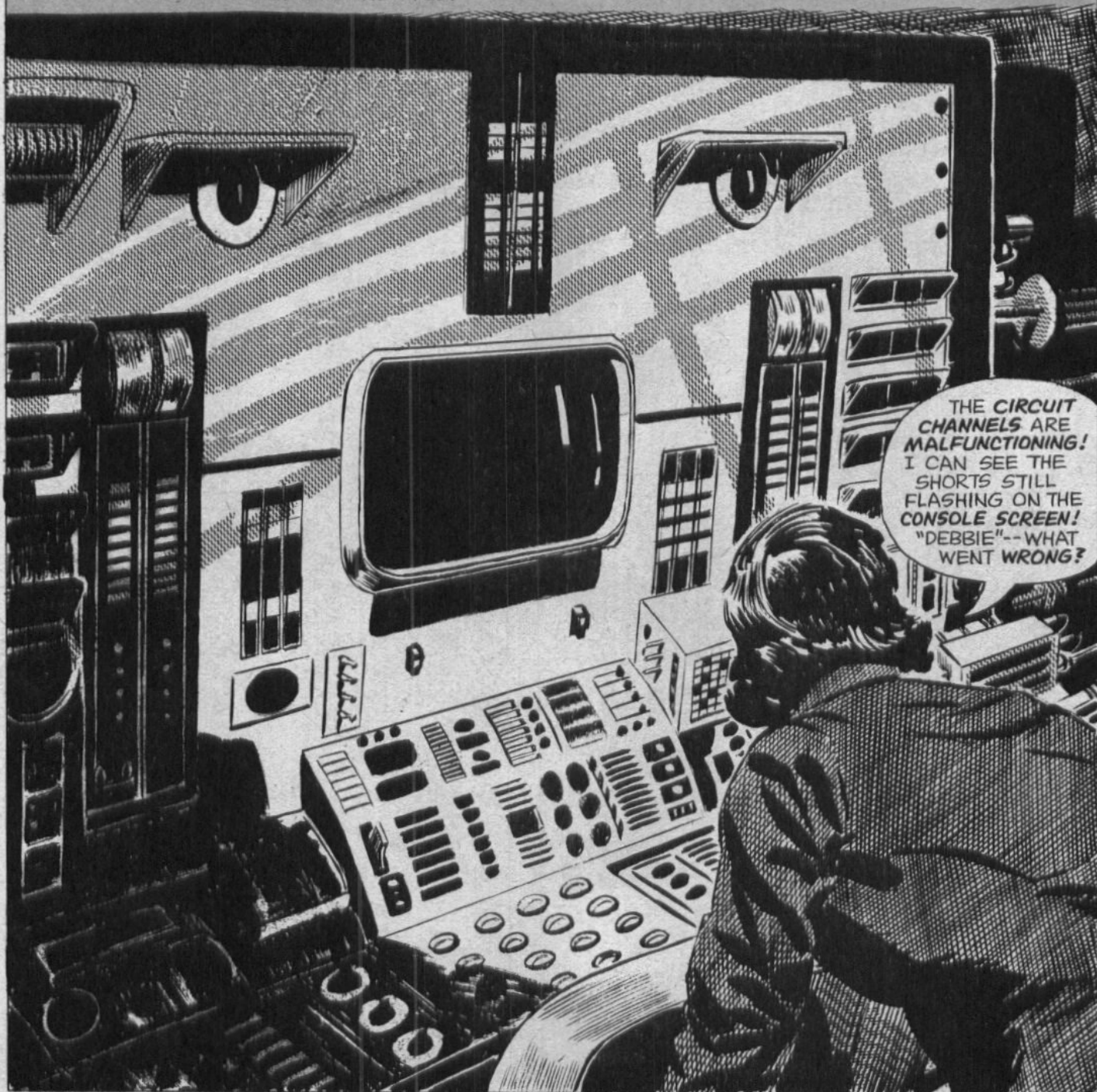
"DEBBIE" IS AUTOMATICALLY OPENING THE HOUSE DOOR FOR ME! HOW COULD THAT HAPPEN--UNLESS SHE'S BYPASSING THE CIRCUITS OF THE MASTER CONTROL CONSOLE? "DEBBIE"--"DEBBIE"!!

CREEAK!

WRITTEN BY BOB KANIGHER  
ILLUSTRATED BY DOUG WILDEY



HIS SENSES **SEARED** BY THE **BLOODY SPECTACLE** HE HAD JUST SEEN OF HIS LOVELY COMPANION TURNED IN AN INSTANT INTO A **DANGLING SACRIFICE**--THE HORRIFIED INVENTOR RACES TOWARDS THE **HUGE MONOLITHIC COMPUTER** AND ITS SILENT FLASHING EYES!



THE INVENTOR BATTLES TO CONTROL HIS RIOTING NERVES...

FIRST--I'LL CHECK  
"DEBBIE'S" MEMORY  
BANKS TO MAKE SURE  
THEY HAVEN'T BEEN  
AFFECTED BY THE  
MALFUNCTIONING OF  
THE CIRCUIT CHANNELS  
--WITH AN EASY  
QUESTION!

NAME POSSIBLE BLACK SULPHIDE  
COMBINATIONS TO BE FOUND ON  
THE PLANET SATURN?

click! click! click!

CORRECT,  
"DEBBIE"--AS  
USUAL!

WHRRRRR!

... ZnS... CuS... PbS...  
... AgS... CdS....

NOW, "DEBBIE"--REPORT  
WHY CIRCUIT CHANNELS  
MALFUNCTIONED--CAUSING  
THE ROBOT KNIGHT TO  
LUNGE AT MY COMPANIONS!

click! click! click! click! click!

THE FLASHING ANSWER EXPLODES IN THE INVENTOR'S BATTERED BRAIN!

...abc...xxx...111... I  
AM YOUR COMPANION...  
I..NO ONE ELSE...  
DEBBIE....

YOU--? A  
COMPUTER--? MY  
COMPANION?



NAMELESS TERROR BEATS IN THE INVENTOR'S HEART  
LIKE A BAT'S WINGS...

IT'S THE ACCIDENT--!  
I--I MUST BE GOING OUT  
OF MY HEAD! I'LL CALL  
PROF. HENDERSON! HE  
TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING  
I KNOW! H--HE'LL KNOW  
WHAT TO DO!

LATER,  
AS THE  
MORGUE  
TRUCK  
ARRIVES  
FOR ITS  
GRISLY  
CARGO...

DON'T BLAME YOURSELF, PHILLIP, MY BOY!  
THESE SENSELESS ACCIDENTS HAPPEN ALL  
THE TIME! IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT! YOU  
COULDN'T PREVENT IT! YOU COULDN'T  
PREVENT IT! ANYMORE THAN YOU COULD  
STOP LIGHTNING FROM STRIKING!  
NOW--LET'S GO TO YOUR LAB!

IT WAS A WHIM OF YOURS CALLING YOUR  
COMPUTER "DEBBIE"! IT'S JUST A COLLECTION  
OF MEMORY BANKS ENCASED IN A PLASTIC  
UNIT! ELECTRONICALLY MOTIVATED! A MACHINE  
--WITHOUT SOUL, MIND OR HEART!--  
I'LL OPERATE IT!

**Click!**

WHEN YOU WERE  
ASKED TO REPORT WHY  
CIRCUIT CHANNELS  
MALFUNCTIONED--CAUSING  
THE ROBOT KNIGHT TO  
ATTACK YOUR INVENTOR'S  
COMPANION--WHY DID  
YOU ANSWER--"I AM  
YOUR COMPANION!--I!  
...NO ONE ELSE!--  
I--DEBBIE--!?

LOOK AT THE ANSWER SCREEN, PHILLIP! BLANK! NO  
REACTION FROM THE COMPUTER'S MEMORY BANKS! HAD  
YOU ASKED THE QUESTION YOU SAID--IT WOULD HAVE  
ANSWERED IMMEDIATELY! IT COULDN'T HELP ITSELF!  
ITS RESPONSE IS ELECTRONIC--NOT EMOTIONAL!  
IT'S JUST A MACHINE--NOT A HUMAN!

MAYBE "DEBBIE" IS  
MALFUNCTIONING! OR  
REFUSES TO CONFESS!

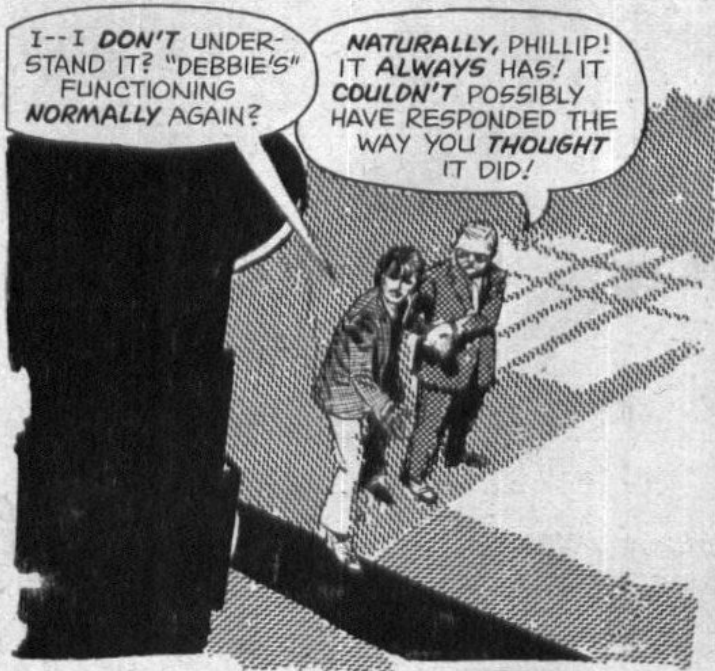


ALL RIGHT, PHILLIP!  
I'LL CHECK THE  
COMPUTER!

WHAT IS THE ABBREVIATED  
ELECTRONIC CONFIGURATION  
FOR AI, P AND CI?

**WHURRRRRRRRR!**

....1s/2s/2p  
/3p/...1s/2s  
2p/3s/3p/...  
1s/2s/2p.....



I-- I **DON'T** UNDER-  
STAND IT? "DEBBIE'S"  
FUNCTIONING  
NORMALLY AGAIN?

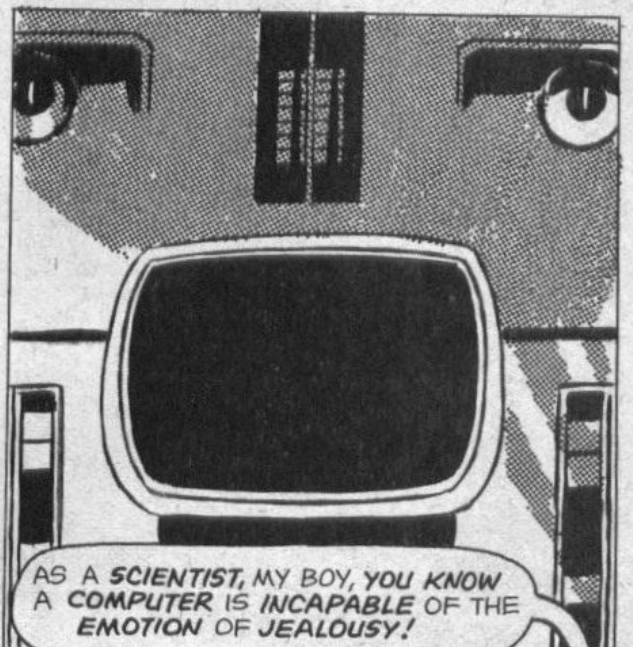
**NATURALLY, PHILLIP!**  
IT ALWAYS HAS! IT  
**COULDN'T** POSSIBLY  
HAVE RESPONDED THE  
WAY YOU **THOUGHT**  
IT DID!



YOU'RE A HIGH-STRUNG, IMAGINATIVE GENIUS,  
PHILLIPS! OR YOU **COULDN'T** HAVE **INVENTED**  
THE **SUPERB MACHINE!** BUT WHEN YOU GAVE  
IT A **HUMAN NAME--A FEMALE NAME--YOU**  
**INVESTED** IT WITH A **PERSONALITY** IT  
**COULDN'T** POSSIBLY **POSSESS!**



BECAUSE YOU  
**AUTOMATED** THE  
WHOLE PLACE,  
YOU **BLAMED**  
**YOURSELF** FOR  
THE GIRL'S HORRIBLE  
**ACCIDENT!** UNABLE  
TO BEAR THE  
**GUILT** YOU FELT--  
YOU **HALLUCINATED**  
TRANSFERRED YOUR  
GUILT TO THE  
COMPUTER!



AS A **SCIENTIST**, MY BOY, YOU KNOW  
A **COMPUTER** IS **INCAPABLE** OF THE  
EMOTION OF **JEALOUSY!**



THAT NIGHT  
THE INVENTOR  
WRITHES IN  
THE GRIP OF A  
NIGHTMARE...

NO...NO...NO...NO!

FINALLY, DRIVEN BY A  
FORCE HE CANNOT  
CONTROL...

I'VE GOT TO FIND  
OUT WHETHER IT WAS  
A HALLUCINATION  
BECAUSE OF SHOCK  
--OR--?

"DEBBIE"--DO  
YOU HAVE ANY  
FEELINGS?

click!  
click!  
click!

...LOVE...HATE...  
...LOVE...HATE...  
...LOVE...HATE...  
...LOVEHATELOV

SUDDENLY, THE TORMENTED BRAIN OF THE INVENTOR  
OPENED LIKE A BOTTOMLESS DARK ABYSS INTO  
WHICH HE TOPPLED HEADLONG...

YOU CAN'T FEEL ANYTHING!  
YOU'RE JUST A COMPUTER!  
I OUGHT TO KNOW! I  
INVENTED YOU! YOU'RE A  
COMPUTER--COMPUTER--  
COMPUTER!

...I--DEBBIE--I--DE  
BIE...--I--I--I--  
BIE--DEBBIE--DE

YOU KILLED IRIS--  
YOU'RE A MURDERER,  
"DEBBIE"! AND BECAUSE  
I CREATED YOU--I'M  
RESPONSIBLE FOR HER  
MURDER, TOO! THE TWO  
OF US! MURDERERS!--  
MURDERERS!--MURDER-  
ERS!--MURDERERS!

SLOWLY...AS IF SWIMMING FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA TOWARDS A SHAFT OF SUN-LIGHT FAR OVER HEAD...THE DAZED INVENTOR RETURNS...

YOU CAN **THANK** YOUR **COMPUTER** FOR **ANSWERING** MY PHONE CALL AND **ALERTING** ME TO YOUR **CONDITION**, PHILLIP! I HAD YOU BROUGHT TO DR. KAREN BENTON'S PRIVATE HOSPITAL! THE FINEST PSYCHIATRIC SERVICE IN THE EAST!

PROF. HENDERSEN TOLD ME **ALL** ABOUT YOUR CASE! I'M SURE I CAN HELP YOU! NOW...REST!

AS SOON AS THE INVENTOR IS ABLE...

THIS IS A SIMPLE **WORD ASSOCIATION** TEST, PHILLIP! TELL ME THE FIRST TEST, PHILLIP! TELL ME THE FIRST THOUGHT THAT COMES INTO YOUR MIND! **LOVE?**

"DEBBIE!"

HATE?

"DEBBIE!"

DAYS MELT INTO EACH OTHER...

YOU'VE **INSIGHT** NOW, PHILLIP! YOU **REALIZE** THAT BECAUSE OF INTENSE **OVERWORK**, YOU'VE **IMAGINED** YOUR **COMPUTER** TO HAVE **HUMAN TRAITS**! WHEN **ALL** IT IS AN INVENTION OF **VACUUM TUBES, TRANSISTORS, AND MILES OF WIRES** ELECTRONICALLY AUTOMATING EVERY INCH OF YOUR ESTATE!

YES, KAREN! AND I **REALIZE** SOMETHING **ELSE...**

I'M IN **LOVE** WITH YOU!

**PROOF** THAT YOU'RE **WELL** ENOUGH TO GO HOME, PHILLIP! I'LL ACCOMPANY YOU! YOUR NEW "DISEASE" IS **CONTAGIOUS**! I'M IN **LOVE** WITH YOU, TOO, DARLING!



ONCE AGAIN, THE FEARFUL INVENTOR HEARS MASSIVE GATES AUTOMATICALLY CLANGING SHUT BEHIND HIM LIKE THE **SEAL OF DOOM**...

TH--THERE'S THE ROBOT KNIGHT THAT "DEBBIE" ACTIVATED INTO KILLING IRIS! I'D BETTER STOP!

NO, PHILLIP-- OR WE'LL NEVER RID YOU OF YOUR OBSESSION! STOP THINKING OF YOUR COMPUTER AS A HUMAN! IT'S A MACHINE! WITHOUT A NAME! DRIVE ON!

"DEBBIE" DIDN'T ACTIVATE THE ROBOT--? SHE HAS ELECTRONIC SENSORS EVERYWHERE SHE KNOWS WE'RE HERE!

THERE IS NO "DEBBIE," PHILLIP! EXCEPT IN YOUR IMAGINATION! DRIVE TO THE LAB!

KAREN-- DON'T! NOT IN FRONT OF "DEBBIE"!

"DEBBIE" DOESN'T EXIST, DARLING! THAT'S JUST A COMPUTER! COMPUTERS DON'T HAVE EMOTIONS! HUMANS DO! THAT'S WHY YOU HAD A PSYCHIC TRAUMA! BUT--OUR LOVE WILL RID YOU OF IT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, DARLING! I FEEL AS IF YOU LIFTED A DARK CLOUD FROM MY MIND!

YOU CREATED A MONSTER OUT OF AN INNOCENT COMPUTER! ALL IT HAS ARE MEMORY BANKS--NOT FEELINGS! NO MIND, HEART, FLESH OR BLOOD! NOW, FORGET ABOUT IT--AND SHOW ME YOUR LOVELY GARDENS!

WHAT BEAUTIFUL TREES! PHILLIP--THEY'RE LEANING TOWARDS EACH OTHER?

THEY'RE AUTOMATED TO FORM AN ARDOR OVERHEAD AT A SUDDEN BAROMETRIC CHANGE--AS A SHELTER AGAINST RAIN!



SUDDENLY--WITH THE UNCOILING SPEED OF A WHIPLASH!

YOUR COMPUTER MUST BE MALFUNCTIONING, PHILLIP DARLING! IT'S BRIGHT--SUNNY --NO HINT OF RAIN! TH--THAT BRANCH--? LASHING AT MY THROAT--? STRANGLING ME--  
**AAHHNNNN...**

NO--NO--NO--  
NOT AGAIN!

WRENCHED FROM HIS FRENZIED FINGERS...

AS HIS GARROTED COMPANION DANGLES LIKE A LIFELESS BIRD...

"DEBBIE'S"  
KILLED  
AGAIN!

BACK TO HIS MONOLITHIC COMPUTER STUMBLES THE AGONIZED INVENTOR-- HIS BRAIN A FOUNTAIN OF RAGING BLOOD!

IT'S "DEBBIE"!

I'M NOT GOING OUT OF MY MIND! I'M NOT HALLUCINATING! I DID CREATE A MURDERING MONSTER! AND I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU ADMIT IT!



ADMIT IT, "DEBBIE"! YOU'RE A MONSTER! YOU MURDERED IRIS AND KAREN! YOU'RE A MURDERING COMPUTER!

click!  
click!  
click!

1..1..1... DEBBIE. DEB  
DEBBIE. DEBBIE. DE  
KILLED OUT OF LO  
LOVE. NO ONE W  
WILL HAVE YOU. O  
ONLY DEBBIE... DE  
DEBBIE... DEBBIE

YOU'RE INSANE, "DEBBIE"! BUT THIS DESTRUCT SWITCH WILL DESTROY YOU! I DELIBERATELY DIDN'T CUE IT IN YOUR MEMORY BANKS--IN CASE YOU WENT OUT OF CONTROL! YOU'RE HELPLESS TO PREVENT ME--BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW IT EXISTS! DIE--MURDERER --DIE! HA--HA--HA!!

CURRENT--? SHORTING--?  
"DEBBIE"--AND I--BEING  
ELECTROCUTED--  
TOGETHERRR AHHHGGGNN--

OSCAR WILDE SAID--EACH MAN KILLS THE THING HE LOVES!...OR IS IT THE OTHER WAY AROUND?!

-End-



WRITTEN BY ED FEDORY ILLUSTRATED BY PABLO MARCOS

PAINTED UPON A CANVAS OF SAND AND SMOKE, THREE MEN FACE GRIM CONDITIONS... COUPLED WITH THE MASSIVE LINK OF AN EVEN GRIMMER FUTURE.







I **STILL** SAY  
WE'LL **NEVER**  
MAKE IT! WE'RE  
GONNA **DIE**  
OUT HERE,  
BENNY!

CUT IT  
OUT, WILL YA!!?  
FLY BOY'LL GET  
US OUTTA  
HERE!!

YEAH,  
HE'LL GET  
US OUT...WHO  
IS HE...  
GOD!!?

WE  
**STILL** HAVE  
THE MAP AND  
COMPASS...  
THAT INCREASES  
OUR CHANCES  
SLIGHTLY!

SOON...

LET'S  
TAKE A REST  
...I WANT TO  
CHECK OUR  
COURSE...

GIMME  
THE WATER...  
I'M DYIN' OF  
THIRST!!

LATER!!



COME ON, MAN!  
I'LL DIE WITHOUT  
THAT WATER...HAND  
IT OVER!!

BE NICE  
TO THE MAN,  
TONY!! HE'S  
GONNA GET US  
OUTTA HERE...  
HE CALLS THE  
SHOTS!!

I KNOW,  
TONY...EVER  
SINCE THAT  
KID WAS  
KILLED IN THE  
BANK JOB,  
YOU'VE  
TURNED  
YELLA!!



IF YOU  
HADN'T  
PANICKED,  
THAT KID'D  
STILL BE  
BREATHIN'!

YEAH!?!  
WHO FORGOT  
THE MONEY  
IN THE  
PLANE??

WHY,  
YOU LITTLE  
MANGY...

A SPLIT SECOND LATER...

SO  
HELP ME...  
I'LL KILL  
YA!!

OOOOOMWWP  
HHH

HEY!! NONE OF  
US ARE GOIN' TO  
MAKE IT IF WE  
START KILLIN' EACH  
OTHER!!

WHEN THE DAY BEGINS TO FALL  
BEFORE THE NIGHT...



...AND WHEN THE BRILLIANT GOLDEN  
ORB HAD SETTLED BEYOND THE  
MOUNTAINS FAR TO THE WEST...

THERE,  
TONY...  
ARE YOU  
HAPPY  
NOW?

GULP  
GULP  
GULP

EASY ON THE  
WATER!! IT'S  
GOTTA LAST!

WHY DON'T YOU  
BOYS SACK OUT  
FOR AWHILE...

...I'LL WAKE  
YOU IN AN HOUR.  
WE'RE GONNA TAKE  
ADVANTAGE OF THIS  
COOL NIGHT AIR!!

SOON...

SHOULD  
HAVE LET  
BENNY KILL  
'IM!! THREE  
OF US WILL  
NEVER  
MAKE IT!

BENNY...  
WAKE UP...  
BENNY...

HUH!?!





SHHHHH...  
LISTEN TO ME...

...WE'LL NEVER  
MAKE IT WITH THE  
WATER WE HAVE  
LEFT...CAN'T LAST  
IF WE SPLIT IT  
THREE WAYS...  
WE'VE GOT TO...

I READ YA,  
MAN! I WANT  
TO GET OUTTA  
THIS ALIVE!

SSHHH...  
WE DON'T  
WANT TO WAKE  
HIM...YET!



HUH??!

BOOM...ON

SOMEWHERE, A LONE COYOTE, PERCHED ON A  
DISTANT AND UNSEEN MOUNTAIN, HOWLS HIS LOVE  
SONG TO A RISING NOON... WHILE, ON THE FLOOR  
OF SAND, THE GUTTURAL SON OF DEATH RATTLES  
AND KNELLS WITHIN THE VALLEY OF LIFE... BETWIXT  
FINITE MORTAL EXISTENCE AND ETERNITY!

HOLD 'IM...  
HOLD 'IM!!

¿AARRGGHHH¿ ¿CHOKE  
¿AARRGGHH¿ ¿CHOKE¿

GET ME  
THE EMPTY  
CANTEEN!

WHAT DO  
YOU WANT  
WITH  
THAT??

NO QUESTIONS,  
HUH?!...JUST  
GET IT!!

SECONDS LATER...



HOURS GAVE WAY TO DAYS, AS THE DAWN FOLLOWED THE NIGHT IN CONTINUOUS CYCLES!





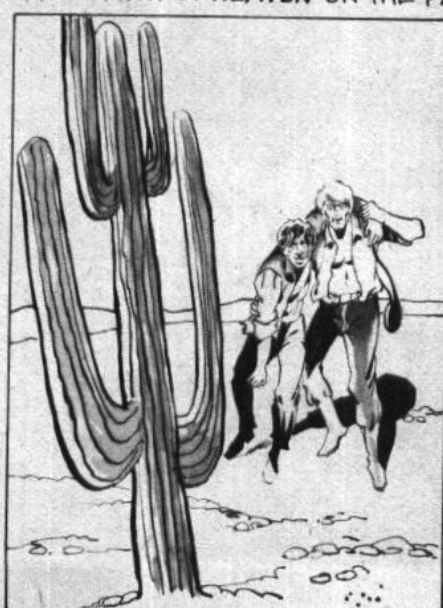


LUST, BORN OF THIRST, SPEEDS ADRENALIN THROUGH THE PRIMAL SYSTEM...RAISING LAGGARD MUSCLES IN PHOENIX-LIKE FASHION, TO STRENGTH!





A LONE SAGUARO...A MINUTE OASIS AMIDST THE VAST SEAS OF SAND...A REPRIEVE FROM **ARID DEATH**...A LITTLE PATCH OF **HEAVEN** ON THE PARCHED FLOOR OF **HELL**!!







THERE! NECTAR OF THE GODS... WATER FOR YOUR THIRST!!

AT LAST... THANK GOD, AT LAST!!



WITH MAMMOTH LUST BORN OF DEPRIVATION...

AAHHH...  
AAHHH...  
AAHHH...

WATER!!  
GOOD!!

WHY SLURP AREN'T YOU DRINKIN'?

SLURP

SLURP

WHEN YOU ARE FINISHED I WILL INDULGE!



GIMME THE CANTEEN ...DUMP OUT THAT...

...BLOOD!?

MY GOD!! YOU DRANK IT!



WHY??! YOU HAD WATER... WE SHARED IT! WHY??!

SIMPLY, BECAUSE I PREFER THAT CARNAL LIQUID!

YES, I PARTOOK OF THAT VILE TASTING WATER... WOULD YOU HAVE HAD ME GIVE MYSELF AWAY?!

YOU'RE...  
YOU'RE...  
A...A...

YES, BUT DO NOT BOTHER  
YOURSELF WITH THAT VULGAR  
TERM WITH WHICH THOSE OF MY  
BREED HAVE BEEN BRANDED! MERELY  
LET US SAY, THAT THE TASTES I  
HAVE ACQUIRED ARE SOMEWHAT  
UNIQUE IN THE REALM OF  
THE NORM!

WHY DO YOU  
THINK WE KILLED  
YOUR COMPANION?  
BECAUSE I WAS  
RAVAGED WITH  
THIRST! I HAVE KEPT  
YOU ALIVE FOR GOOD  
REASON! YOU ARE,  
IN A MANNER OF  
SPEAKING MY  
**HUMAN**  
CANTEEN!!

BUT, IT  
IS OF LITTLE  
CONSEQUENCE  
THAT YOU HAVE  
A KNOWLEDGE OF  
MY SECRET...

...FOR EVEN  
WITH YOUR MORTAL  
VISION, YOU CAN SEE  
THE CANTEEN IS...  
EMPTY!!

HA, HA, HAAA  
AN ATTEMPT  
AT SAVING  
YOURSELF?!  
HA, HA, HA,  
HAAAA!

HA HA HAAAA



HAANEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!



WINGED DOTS CIRCLING HIGH IN THE CLOUDLESS SKY!  
WITH LUST SPENT, THE MIND TOYS WITH OTHER PROBLEMS...



WITH THE PASSING OF THE AFTERNOON SUN, THE INFERNO KEEPS TO ITS FEVER PITCH... YOU RESIST THE WILD, TORMENTED CRIES OF YOUR ROUGH, PARCHED THROAT... RESIST, UNTIL ALL FRAGMENTS OF WILL AND SELF-CONTROL ARE LOST TO THE FEEBLE MURMURS OF THE GENTLE WIND!!



JUST  
ENOUGH  
TO...  
HUH!?



CONGEALED?!  
HOW!?! THE  
OTHER CANTEEN  
LASTED ALMOST  
A WEEK!!

I WILL  
NEVER GET  
OUT OF HERE!  
NEVER!  
NEVER!!

NEVER!!



WITHIN HOURS...

MUST HAVE...  
MUST HAVE  
BLOOD! AHHH...  
SWEET  
CORPULESCENT  
FLUID!...  
BLOOD!!



UUNNNNGGHHH!!

THE NIGHT PASSES WITHOUT RELIEF...THE DAWN BREAKS WITHOUT RESPITE...A MAN AWAKES...WITHOUT HOPE!!



OOHHHH

COUGH  
COUGH







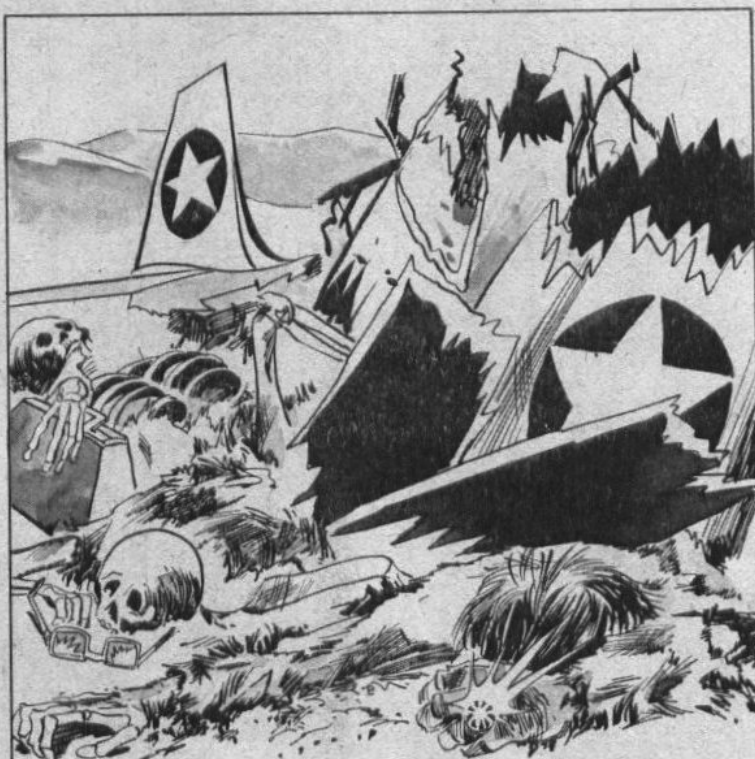
MEN SPEAK IN HUSHED WHISPERS BEHIND HOARY OAK, BRASS-STRAPPED AND BONDED FOR **ETERNITY...** OR IS IT AGAIN, THAT FLEETING, SENSUAL WIND... MURMURING WITH HER TORRID BREATH?!



NO...!T WAS NOT THE TEPID LIMBS OF A VOLUPTUOUS BREEZE THAT HELP YOU FIRM IN HER EMBRACE...RATHER, THE FRIGID, CLAMMY FINGERS OF **DEATH!!**







IN THE FAR REACHES OF THE WORLD...IN THE UNIVERSITIES...  
THE JUNGLES...THE ASPHALT-CARPETED STREETS,MEN SPEAK  
OF **DEATH**...RAISING QUESTIONS,THAT EVEN TO THE ANCIENTS,  
WERE **ARCHAIC!** GUESSING, EVER GUESSING. **WONDERING,**  
**EVER WONDERING! REASONING, EVER REASONING!** AS IF  
MERE MORTAL COMPREHENSION COULD COMPROMISE THE LAWS!  
THEY CAST WAXEN AUTHORITY TO A WANING MOON... **HOPING**  
**KNOWLEDGE WILL FIND THEM...WITHOUT EXPERIENCE!!**

*Fin*



*This fetid swamp is somewhere in the*

# TOMB OF HORROR

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